

# DAVID'S HARP,

OR THE

## BOSTON SABBATH SCHOOL SONG BOOK,

CONTAINING A

VARIETY OF PLEASING TUNES IN ALL THE VARIOUS METRES;

ALSO

### HYMNS, ANTHEMS, AND CHANTS,

SUITED TO

ANNIVERSARY, PATRIOTIC, TEMPERANCE AND PARTICULAR OCCASIONS;

SELECTED, ARRANGED AND COMPOSED

By **H. W. DAY, A. M.**

*Editor of the Musical Visitor, and Author of the Vocal School.*

**BOSTON:**

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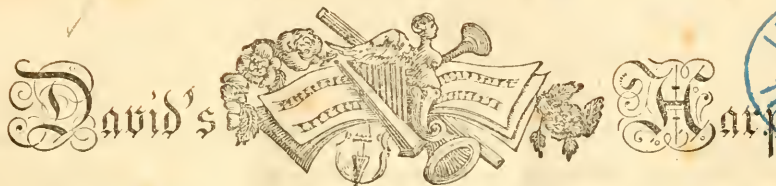


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SECOND REVISED EDITION.



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## PREFACE.

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The want of a book adapted to the present state of Sabbath Schools, containing Music and Hymns suited to various occasions, has been the reason why this has been prepared.

Sabbath Schools now embrace all ages and conditions, from the infant of two years old, to the old man of three score years and ten. Within a few years past, great improvements have been made in the general conduct of these institutions. Good Superintendents and teachers, take much pains to enlist the minds of children in the great Moral Enterprises of the present day. Our National Independence, the great reform in Temperance, in Morals and equal Rights,—the rapidly extending influence of Evangelical Religion, and the cause of Missions, suggest a variety of themes of thrilling interest, and give rise to the observance of anniversaries and public occasions, for which music is needed, in connection with tunes and hymns adapted to the regular worship and praise of the most High. The various constituents of the Sabbath School, suggests the propriety of preparing music, which, while it is truly sacred, should also conform in some degree to the life and buoyancy of youth.

Nor is it scarcely less desirable that attention should be given to complete order and good arrangement. Carrying out the hints already suggested, it will be seen that a book less in size than this, would be insufficient. As it now is, it contains an amount of matter, more than four times as great as has been published in some Singing Books designed for the Sabbath School, and about double the amount of matter contained in others, which have sold at the same price, or, at one third more.

To say the least, a patient effort has been made to meet the wants hinted at in the above remarks. And if success has attended to any tolerable extent, it will be seen at once, that the present volume contains a variety of subjects and music, which, can scarcely fail to make it efficient in promoting the interest, happiness and usefulness of Sabbath Schools.

Boston, July 7, 1842.

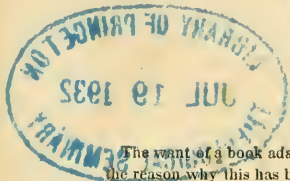
EDITOR.

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**General Contents and Arrangement.**

**ELEMENTS.** It has been considered unimportant to introduce the elements of music. Since it would be departing from the general object in view, viz. to furnish a complete volume of tunes and hymns, suited to the wants and occasions of Sabbath Schools;— And, because, almost every teacher of music, so far as he might wish to instruct juvenile or adult classes, would much prefer to adopt his own plan, or to make use of the "*Vocal School*," in which a complete system of instruction is laid down, adapted to adult and juvenile classes, both in the elements and practice of music.

**THE ARRANGEMENT** of tunes of the same metre and key together, and placing the subjects of the hymns over them in a full faced type, will render it easy to find, a particular tune or hymn.

Tunes and hymns adapted to particular occasions will be found arranged under half titles, in the last part of the book, embracing a large variety of subjects.

**THE TUNES** are generally easy to perform, and sprightly in character. Nearly every variety of metre will be found in a proper place. Some of the old tunes have been retained, which it is deemed important should be learned by the rising generation. Tunes will be found adapted to all the hymns contained in the hymn book of the American Sunday School Union, and to many others.

A FEW *Infant Songs* have been inserted, where a little room could be spared, to provide for those schools where they have an Infant Department.

**THE HYMNS** it is believed will be found to be of the purest evangelical kind. A considerable number of new ones have been obtained.

**Musical History.**

**IMPORTANCE OF MUSIC.** Music, to some extent, has been considered important by all nations. And as the result of much inquiry it may be safely stated, that music, literature and religion usually walk hand in hand. Egypt, the mother of the arts and sciences, was noted for Singing schools. And from history, it would seem, that all classes participated in the general knowledge and enjoyment of the art.

**AMONG THE JEWS.** The references to music and singing in the early part of the Jewish history, at the Exodus, and in subsequent periods, indicate a practical knowledge of the art. By divine appointment, music was established as a part of sacred worship very early in the history of the Jews.

**VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC**, were *religiously employed, and religiously provided* for. Special attention was given to it as an act of duty. Money was expended in precisely the same sense of duty, in providing instruction in sacred music, and in its general support, that it was in sustaining the Priesthood.

**MUSIC AND THEOLOGY.** In the Schools of the Prophets, which were no less than Theological Institutions, music, Vocal and Instrumental, held a high place in the course of study, so that to be a Prophet, without an understanding of Music, was a thing unknown.

**MUSIC THE FOUNDATION AND CAP STONE OF POETRY.** Christians of the present day, do not know how much they are indebted to musical science. A practical knowledge of music, gave rise, we may almost say brought into being, all the delightful Psalms of David. It is because he was a practical musician, that the Psalms in sublimity, simplicity and beauty, so far exceed all other poetic productions. The powers of music added wings to his imagination. The highest strains of holy praise, bring the soul nearer the Deity than any other art of human devotion. Other poetic parts of the Sacred Scriptures are but the offsprings of musical culture. Were it not for music, poetry in general would lose its charms. To the rules which have their origin in Musical Science, Poetry owes its existence, and on them constantly depends. Music is the entire foundation of the whole Poetical Literary Fabric. It makes all the laws, adds wings to thought and sits in judgment. The power, which music inspires, tests the merits of all good poetry, and all that is truly beautiful in prose, as it does not stoop to prosaic commonalities.

**MUSIC A HOLY DELIGHT AND AN EFFICIENT AGENT.** Music throws a halo of glory around all the temple exercises of worship, and is generally regarded in times of revival, to add full one half to the force of truth, and does well its part in drawing the careless multitude within the sound of the gospel.

**LUTHER;—MUSIC AND MINISTERS.** Luther regarded music in this light, and would not put forth his hand to ordain a young minister who was unskilled in the art. It ought at the present day, to hold the same place in our Theological Seminaries, as it did in the Schools of the Prophets. A case cannot be produced, where a good knowledge of music does not render a minister almost doubly efficient.

**MUSIC AND RELIGION.** In the early ages of the church, Christians held music as the hand of a celestial guide, and comforter. And thousands of dying saints in all ages down to the present day, breathe out their expiring breath in triumphant song, and are borne on the wings of praise to the heavenly regions, where the Anthems of

the Redeemed swell the mighty chorus, while they strike their golden harps in sweetest symphonies ;—

“Ye holy throng of angels bright,  
In worlds of light  
Begin the song.”

It is a universal fact, that in the United States, in particular, religion flourishes most, where they are the more generally acquainted with music.

#### Music in Sabbath Schools.

**INFLUENCE AND EFFECTS OF MUSIC.** No one thing adds such a charm to the Sabbath School, animates and cheers the minds of teachers and scholars, sheds such a peaceful and heavenly influence over the place, renders it so attracting and happy, that so subdues the heart and warms the affections, that gives such point and force to truth, and that so waters the seed sown, as by the dews from heaven, *like music*. Singing in a Sabbath School, properly conducted, does all these things.

#### Various modes of introducing Music into Sabbath Schools.

**JUVENILE SINGING SCHOOLS.** In many places, there are Juvenile Singing Schools, got up in different ways; these will essentially aid the cultivation of music in Sabbath Schools, provided they learn such music as will be suitable for the Sabbath. A large part of the Juvenile Schools in the country, have been almost useless, because the principle involved in the above proviso, was either not heeded, or not understood: Songs of various kinds have been learned, which have afforded the materials of an “interesting” concert; but when the school was done, the children were as poorly prepared to sing in the Sabbath School, as they were before it began, and the knowledge obtained is soon lost for the want of practice. To avoid this evil, tunes proper in character, with hymns suited to the Sabbath, should more generally be learned. Then, what is acquired in the Juvenile School, will be practiced on the Sabbath.

It has been a special object in preparing this book, to furnish such tunes, as really combine all that is lively and brilliant in the music of Juvenile Songs, with hymns of the most devotional and evangelical character, and turn all into the channel of the Sabbath School.

**DAY SCHOOLS.** If the same plan is carried out by teachers, who on their own responsibility, or by the approbation and at the ex-

pense of the town, or by private benefaction, introduce music into Day Schools, the singing of the Sabbath School would be greatly promoted. And we recommend to such teachers the use of good hymns with suitable music, rather than songs which are unfit for the Sabbath.

**MEANS IN EVERY RELIGIOUS SOCIETY.** There are more or less of those in every church and Society, who understand music sufficiently well to teach all the children to sing, so as really to derive all the benefits of sacred music in the Sabbath School.

**GENERAL PLAN, WITH PARTICULARS.** There need be no teaching or ceremony about it, further than to have it understood, that, the Superintendent, or the Chorister, or some common singer, for it is not important which, will meet the children once or twice a week, at a certain hour and place, to rehearse with them some tunes and hymns to be sung in the Sabbath School. Whoever undertakes this delightful duty, will select, and make himself familiar with a few tunes, and when all are assembled, (and let there be no distinction of sect or party,) he will say,

“Dear Children, we have now assembled together, to learn some tunes and hymns, to sing in the Sabbath School.”

As to the arrangement, let them be so placed as that they can the most easily be kept in order. This will not be difficult, if as is devoutly hoped, both old and young will participate in the thing, and meet together. He will add,

“As we are to learn to sing God’s praises, I shall expect that all will be still and attentive. You must lay aside all whispering and play, and endeavor to imitate me, and sing as I do. And all who come with us to learn to sing, I expect will join the Sabbath School,\* as there may be some present who do not go. You must learn at home, as many of the hymns as you can, and always when you sing

(Continued on page 171.)

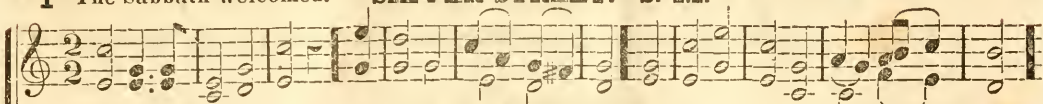
\* And here let us affectionately remark, that lest this good work be hindered, in places where there is not sufficient interest or ability in each religious Society to sustain these singing meetings, let no effort be made to draw away children from one Society to another. Rather let them be encouraged, to attend their own schools. In this way, it would make no difference whether a young man belonged to one Society or another, or where the meeting was held, if in this respect he did as we recommend. And we also hope that parents will dismiss all jealousies, and that all things will move most harmoniously.

# DAVID'S HARP;

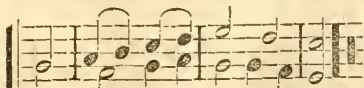
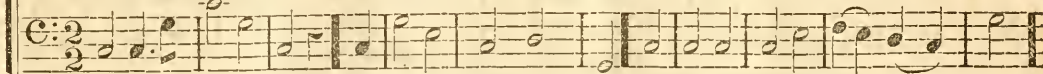
OR THE

## BOSTON SABBATH SCHOOL SONG BOOK.

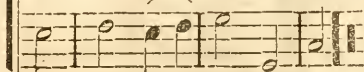
### 1 The Sabbath welcomed. SILVER STREET. S. M.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac - - cord,  
2. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who never knew our God; But children of the heavenly King



And thus sur - round the throne.  
May speak their joys a - broad.



3 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

2 Sweet day of rest.  
1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 Jesus himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place  
Where God, my Savior's been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
Till called to rise, and soar away,  
To everlasting bliss.

## 6 3 Gratitude for a Revival.

CONTENT. S. M.

H. W. DAY.

Musical notation for 'Gratitude for a Revival'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a 2/2 time signature and a 3/2 measure signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 2/2 time signature and a 3/2 measure signature. The music is written in common time with a 3/2 measure signature.

1. Who can forbear to sing, Who can re-fuse to praise, When Zion's high, celestial King His saving pow'r displays ?—  
 2. When sinners at his feet, By mercy conquered, fall ; When grace, and truth, and justice meet, And peace unites them all !

3. Who can forbear to praise, When angel-notes prolong, O'er sinners turning from their ways, The high, seraphic song ?

## 4 Early Piety.

WESTERN. S. M.

L. MASON.

Musical notation for 'Early Piety'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a 4/2 time signature and a 3/2 measure signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 4/2 time signature and a 3/2 measure signature. The music is written in common time with a 3/2 measure signature.

1. With humble heart and tongue, My God to thee I pray ; O make me learn, while I am young, How I may cleanse my way.  
 2. Now in my ear - ly days, Teach me thy will to know ; O God, thy sanc - ti - fy - ing grace Be - times on me be - stow.

3

Make me, a helpless youth,  
 The object of thy care,  
 Help me to choose the way of truth,  
 And flee from every snare.

4

My heart to folly prone,  
 Renew by pow'r divine ;  
 Unite it to thyself alone,  
 And make me wholly thine.

5

O let thy word of grace,  
 My warmest thoughts employ ;  
 Be this, through all my following days,  
 My treasure and my joy.

5 And must this body die.

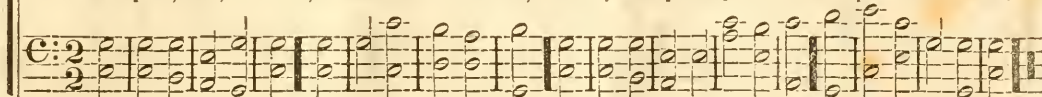
HILL OF ZION. S. M.

Mourning Hymn.

7



1. And must this bo - dy die, This mor - tal frame de - cay ? And must these active limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay ?  
 2. Corruption, earth, and worms, Shall but re - fine this flesh, Till my triumphant spirit comes To put it on afresh.



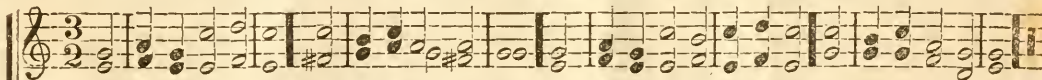
3 God my Redeemer lives,  
 And ever from the skies  
 Looks down and watches all my dust,  
 Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace  
 Shall these vile bodies shine,  
 And every shape, and every face,  
 Be heavenly and divine.

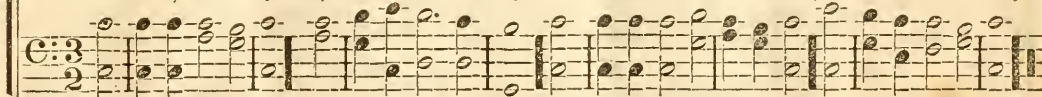
5 These heavenly hopes we owe,  
 Lord, to thy dying love :  
 O may we bless thy grace below  
 And sing thy grace above !

6 Christ the only Savior.

OLMUTZ. S. M. Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by L. MASON.



1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew-ish al - tars slain, Could give the guilty conscience pence, Or wash a - way the stain.  
 2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way : A sa - cri - fice of nobler name, And richer blood than they.



3 My faith would lay her hand  
 On that dear head of thine ;  
 While like a penitent I stand,  
 And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see  
 The burdens thou didst bear,  
 When hanging on the cursed tree,  
 And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice  
 To see the curse remove ;  
 We bless the Lord with cheerful voice,  
 And sing his bleeding love.

1. A dread and solemn hour To us is drawing near; When we be-fore the throne of God,  
2. What answer shall we give, When God himself demands The uses of such times as these,

3 And must we then confess  
That all was spent in vain?  
The seasons that were once our own,  
But cannot be again.

2 Far be thine honor spread,  
And long thy praise endure;  
Till morning light, and evening shade;  
Shall be exchanged no more.

4 This will be dark indeed!  
To regions of despair  
Our own despair will sink us down,  
To mourn for ever there.

3 To thee let endless praise  
Sound through the realms above,  
Descend and reign, Ancient of days  
And fill the world with love.

All present shall appear.  
In judgment at our hands?

1 **The Lord is great.**  
Thy name, Almighty Lord,  
Shall sound through distant lands;

## 9 The pity of the Lord.

## BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. The pity of the Lord To those that fear his name, Is such as tender parents feel—He knows our feeble frame.  
2. He knows we are but dust Scattered with every breath; His anger, like a rising wind, Can send us swift to death.

3. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morning flower. When blasting winds sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.  
4. But thy compassions, Lord, To endless years endure; And children's children ever find Thy words of promise sure.

10 Kindness of Jesus.

NORMAN. S. M.

9

End. D. C.

1. Hail, glorious heavenly Prince ! To Thee let children fly ; And on thy kindest providence,  
O may we all re - ly

2. He knows their tender frame,  
Nor will their youth contemn ;  
For he a little child became,  
To love and pity them.

3. He will take the young,  
Beneath his special care ;  
And he will keep their youthful days,  
From every woe and snare.

4. Nor does he now forget  
His youthful days on earth ;  
Nor should we ever cease our praise,  
For our Redeemer's birth.

11 Trusting in God because he is good. HAVERHILL. S. M.

Devotional. L. M.

1. How gentle God's commands ! How kind his precepts are ! Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.  
2. His bounty will provide, His saints securely dwell ; That hand which bears creation up, Shall guard his children well.

3. Why should this anxious load Press down your weary mind ? Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne, And peace and comfort find.

4. His goodness stands approved, Unchanged from day to day ; I'll drop my burden at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

12 Christ's Compassion.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep ?  
And shall our cheeks be dry ?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears  
Angels with wonder see !  
Be thou astonished, oh my soul,  
He shed those tears for me.

3 He wept that we might weep ;  
Each sin demands a tear ;  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

10

## 13 The children's Friend.

MIRON. S. M. H. W. DAY.

D. C.

Musical notation for 'The children's Friend' in G major, 6/8 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

1. Come, sing Jehovah's praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised,  
Above the ground we tread;  
So far the riches of his grace,  
Our highest thoughts exceed.

## 15 Invitation.

ALCOVE. S. M.

Musical notation for 'Invitation' in G major, 2/2 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

1. All yes-ter-day is gone! To-mor-row's not our own; O sin-ner, come with-out de-lay,  
2. Oh hear his voice to-day, And harden not your heart: To-mor-row, with a frown he may

## 16 Reward and Punishment.

Musical notation for 'Reward and Punishment' in G major, 2/2 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,  
There is a life above;  
Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath:  
Oh what eternal horrors hang  
Around 'the second death.'

1 Oh where shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'T were vain the ocean's depth to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole!

2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'T is not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.



17 Prayer for Sanctification.

SALIM. S. M.

H. W. DAY. 11

1. { Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, Let thy bright beams a - rise; Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
 { The dark-ness from our eyes. D. C.

18 Grieve not the Spirit.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

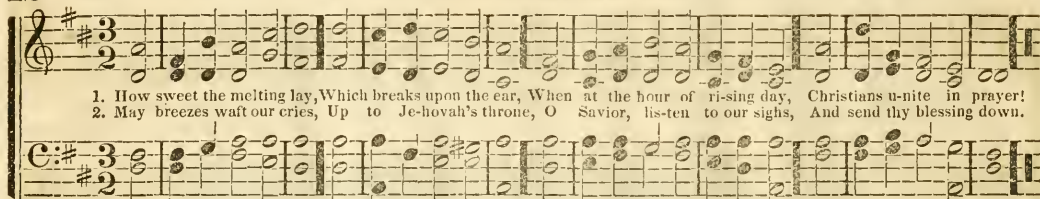
1. And canst thou, sin - ner, slight The call of love di - vine? Shall God with ten - der - ness in - vite,

And gain no thought of thine.

- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve  
 The Spirit from thy breast,  
 Till he thy wretched soul shall leave  
 With all thy sins oppress?  
 3 To-day a pard'ning God  
 Will hear the suppliant pray;  
 To-day a Savior's cleansing blood  
 Will wash thy guilt away.  
 4 But, grace so dearly bought,  
 If yet thou wilt despise,  
 Thy fearful doom, with vengeance frau't  
 Will fill thee with surprize.

19 The pure in heart.

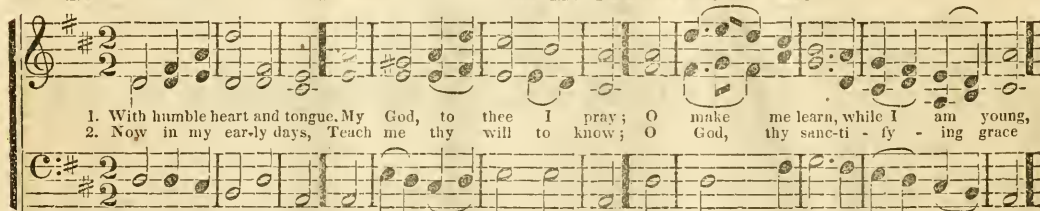
- 1 Blest are the pure in heart,  
 For they shall see our God;  
 The secret of the laws is theirs,  
 Their soul is his abode.  
 2 Still to the lowly soul  
 He doth himself impart,  
 And, for his temple and his throne,  
 Selects the pure in heart.



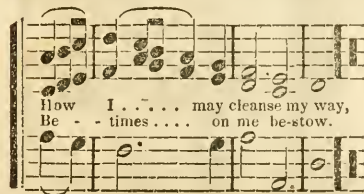
1. How sweet the melting lay, Which breaks upon the ear, When at the hour of rising day, Christians u-nite in prayer!  
2. May breezes waft our cries, Up to Je-hovah's throne, O Savior, lis-ten to our sighs, And send thy blessing down.

## 21 How a child should pray and sing.

## WATCHMAN. S. M.



1. With humble heart and tongue, My God, to thee I pray; O make me learn, while I am young,  
2. Noy in my ear-ly days, Teach me thy will to know; O God, thy sanc-ti - fy - ing grace



How I . . . . may cleanse my way,  
Be - - times . . . . on me be-stow.

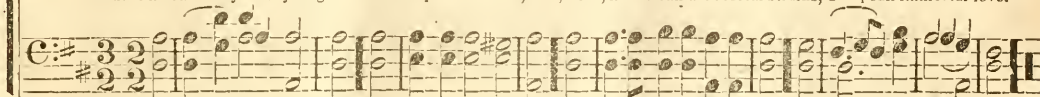
- 3 Make me, a helpless youth,  
The object of thy care,  
Help me to choose the way of truth,  
And flee from every snare.  
4 My heart to folly prone,  
Renew by pow'r divine,  
Unite it to thyself alone,  
And make me wholly thine.  
5 O let thy word of grace,  
My warmest thoughts employ;  
Be this, thro' all my following days,  
My treasure and my joy.

## 22 Doxology.

- 1 Give to the Father praise,  
Give glory to the Son,  
And to the Spirit of his grace,  
Be equal honor done.  
2 Ye angels round the throne,  
And saints that dwell below,  
Worship the Father, love the Son,  
And bless the Spirit too.



1. Now may our joyful tongues, Our Maker's honor sing; Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs, And bears them to the King.  
 2. On earth thy mercy reigns And triumphs all above, But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains, To speak immortal love.

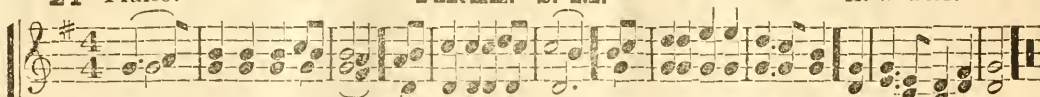


3. How jarring and how low, Are all the notes we sing; Blest Savior, tune our hearts anew, And they shall please the King.

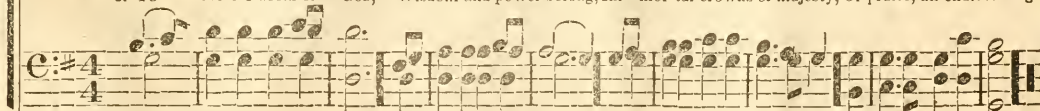
## 24 Praise.

## PINEL. S. M.

H. W. DAY.



1. To God the on - ly wise, Our Savior and our King, Let all the saints below the skies Their humble praises bring.  
 2. 'Tis his Al-migh-ty love, His counsel and his care, Preserves us safe from sin and death, And every hurtful snare.  
 3. To our Re-deem-er God, Wisdom and power belong, Im - mortal crowns of majesty, Of praise, an endless song.



## 25 Universal praise.

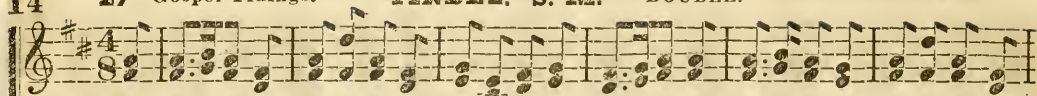
- 1 Let every creature join  
 To praise th' eternal God;  
 Ye heavenly host begin the song,  
 And sound his name abroad.  
 2 Thou sun with golden beams,  
 And moon with paler rays,  
 Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,  
 Shine to your Maker's praise.

- 3 He built those worlds above,  
 And fix'd their wondrous frame;  
 At his command they stand or move,  
 And ever speak his name.  
 4 Ye vapors when ye rise,  
 Or fall in rain or snow;  
 Ye thunders murr'ring round the skies,  
 His power and glory show.

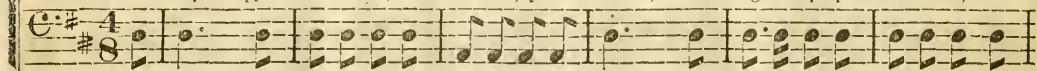
- 5 By all his works above,  
 His honors be expressed;  
 But those that taste his saving love,  
 Should sing his praises best.

## 26 Doxology.

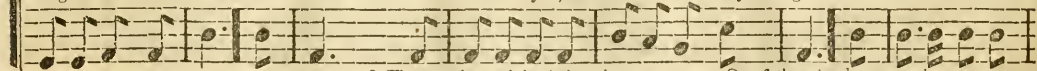
- Ye angels round the throne,  
 And saints that dwell below,  
 Worship the Father, love the Son,  
 And bless the Spirit too.



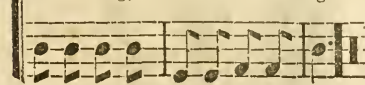
1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill; Who bring salvation on their tongues, And  
 2. How hap - py are our ears, That hear this joyful sound, Which kings and prophets waited for, And



words of peace re - veal. How charm - ing is their voice, How sweet their tidings are! Zi - on, behold thy  
 sought but never found. How bless - ed are our eyes, That see this heavenly light! The saints of old de -



Savior King, He reigns and triumphs here.  
 sired it long, But died without the sight.



3 The watchmen join their voice,  
 And tuneful notes employ;  
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
 And deserts learn the joy.  
 The Lord makes bare his arm,  
 Through all the earth abroad!  
 Let every nation now behold  
 Their Savior, and their God.

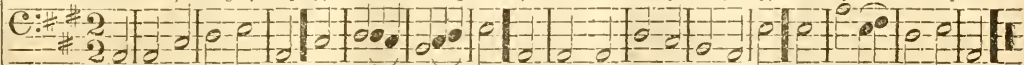
### 28 Past Generations.

1 How swift the torrent rolls,  
 That bears us to the sea!—  
 The tide which hurries thoughtless souls  
 To vast eternity!

Our fathers! where are they,  
 With all they called their own?—  
 Their joys and griefs—and hopes and  
 cares,  
 And wealth and honor—gone!  
 2 God of our fathers, hear,  
 Thou everlasting Friend!  
 While we as on life's utmost verge  
 Our souls to thee commend.  
 Of all the pious dead  
 May we their footsteps trace,  
 Till with them, in the land of light,  
 We dwell before thy face.

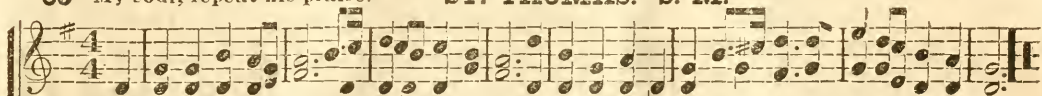


1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard, To draw thee from the skies.  
2. Oh watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; Renew it bold-ly every day, And help di-vine im-plore.

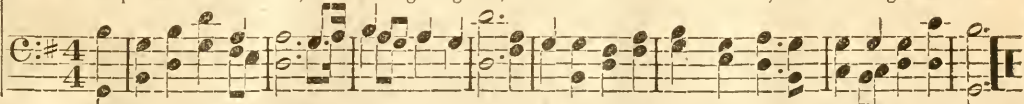


3. Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine armor down: Thy arduous work will not be done Till thou ob-tain thy crown.  
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; It'll take thee, at thy parting breath, Up to his blest a-bode.

30 My soul, repeat his praise. **ST. THOMAS. S. M.**



1. My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So rea-dy to a-bate.  
2. His power subdues our sins, And his for-giv-ing love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re-move.



3. High as the heavens are raised Above the ground we tread, So far the riches of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed.

31 Praise to Jesus.

1 Awake, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake every heart, and every tongue,  
To praise the Savior's name!  
2 Sing of his dying love—  
Sing of his rising power—  
Sing how he intercedes above,  
For us, whose sins he bore,

3 Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day,  
In Christ, th' eternal King.  
4 Soon shall we hear him say,  
"Ye blessed children, come!"  
Soon will he call us hence away,  
To our eternal home,

32 Doxology.

O praise the Lord, ye saints,  
And hymns of glory sing:  
He will redress your long complaints,  
And swift deliv'rance bring.

1. And now a - nother day is gone, I'll sing my Maker's praise, My comforts every hour make known, His providence and grace.  
2. But how my childhood runs to waste! My sins how great their sum! Lord, give me pardon for the past, And strength for days to come.

3. I lay my body down to sleep, Let angels guard my head: And, through the hours of darkness, keep Their watch around my bed  
4. With cheerful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not remove; And in the morning let me rise, Re - joining in thy love.

## 34 Commit to memory.

## SABBATH SCHOOL. C. M.

HASTINGS.

1. To Sabbath school, To Sabbath school, Ye chil - dren, haste a - way; Be ear - ly at the Sabbath school,  
2. To Sabbath school, to Sabbath school, This precious ho - ly day; Be careful at the Sabbath school

- 3 To Sabbath school, to Sabbath school,  
The teacher's voice obey;  
And listen at the Sabbath school  
To every thing they say.  
4 To Sabbath school, to Sabbath school,  
It is the place of prayer:  
Be solemn at the Sabbath school  
For God himself is there.

Nor ever stop to play, Nor ever stop to play.  
Your lessons well to say, Your lessons well to say.

## 35 Doxology.

- Now let the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit be ador'd,  
Where there are works to make him known,  
Or saints to love the Lord.

## 36 Morning Hymn.

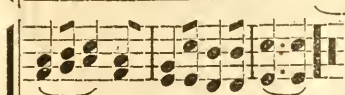
- 1 When from the chambers of the east,  
The sun his race begins,  
He never tires nor stops to rest,  
But round the world he shines.  
2 So like the sun would I fulfil  
The business of the day;  
Begin my work betimes, and still  
March on my heavenly way.

*Smooth and Flowing.*

1. God made the sky so bright and blue, God made the grass so green; God made the flow'rs that smell so sweet, In pretty colors



seen, In pretty colors seen.

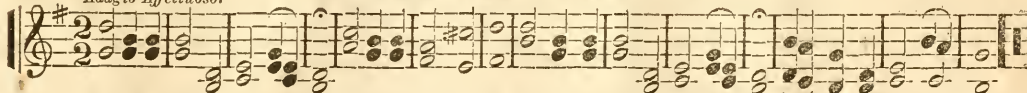


2 God made the little bird to fly,  
How sweetly has she sung;  
And though she soars so very high,  
She won't forget her young,  
She won't forget her young.

3 God made the moon and stars to shine,  
The sun to rule the day;  
He made the Sabbath day to rest,  
We must his word obey,  
We must his word obey.

4 May we adore that hand divine,  
Enjoy his favor still;  
We'll love him for his goodness' sake,  
And strive to do his will,  
And strive to do his will.

**38** **Doxology.**  
Honor to thee, Almighty Three,  
And everlasting One;  
All glory to the Father be,  
The Spirit, and the Son.

*Adagio Affettuoso.*

1. Where shall the child of sorrow find, A place of calm repose, Thou Father of the fatherless, Pity an orphan's woes.

2 What friend have I in heaven or earth, What friend to trust but thee?  
My father and my mother's dead!  
My God remember me!

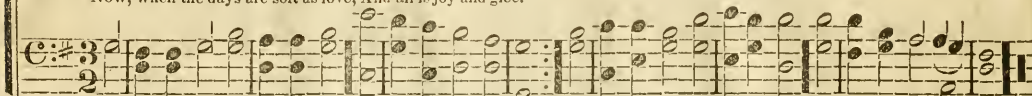
3 Thy gracious promise now fulfill,  
And bid my troubles cease;  
In thee the fatherless shall find,  
Both mercy, grace and peace.

4 Known unto thee are all my cares,  
My pains, my friends, my foes;  
Thou Father of the fatherless,  
Pity an orphan's woes.

\* Children, remember those little boys and girls who have no father or mother. Pray for them; do them good. Little orphans, you have a Father in heaven. Love him with your *whole* heart, do his commandments and he will take care of you. [2]



1. Remember thy Creator now When youth and years are bright, } Now, when the moon and stars above Are pleasant things to see;  
 Ere evil days draw nigh, when thou Shalt find them no delight; }  
 Now, when the days are soft as love, And all is joy and glee.



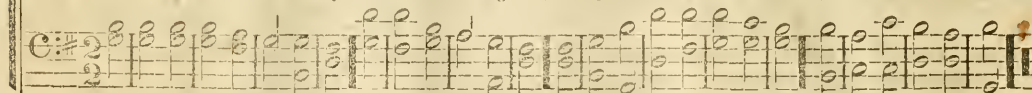
- 2 The voice of youthful mirth must cease,  
 And Music's daughters die;  
 The bird's sweet voice be hushed to peace,  
 And Earth's best beauty fly;  
 The almond tree shall blossom white,  
 Where now thy locks appear,  
 Note.—A little boy in the Blossom street Sabbath School, Boston, about five years old experienced religion and lived a godly life.
- Thine eye grow dim to see the light,  
 When thou the grave shalt near.
- 3 Or ever then the silver cord  
 Shall loose the golden bowl,  
 Remember thy Creator Lord  
 With overflowing soul:  
 For dust to dust shall mingle then,  
 And Earth its earth shall claim,  
 And thy free spirit go again  
 To God, from whom it came.

## 41

## EVENING CHORAL.\* C. M.



1. Great God we thank thee for this day. And all its mercies given; O may the mercies we've received, Direct our souls to heaven.



- 2 O Lord, watch o'er us through this night,  
 Be thou our guardian near;  
 And keep us safe till morning light  
 Without a thought of fear.
- 3 Through all life's dark and stormy way,  
 Our kind Protector be,  
 And when we die—may we ascend  
 To dwell in heaven with thee.

\* Chorals, are tunes written in equal notes, with a melody so low, that *all* can sing *one part*, while the organ or instruments, as it may be, play a full accompaniment. Let *all* the school sing the above little tune, and if there is not a piano, let a base instrument play that part.



## 42 Creator.

I sing the mighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise;  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.  
I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That fill'd the earth with food;  
He form'd the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounced them good.  
There's not a plant, or flow'r, below,  
But makes thy glories known;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne.

## 43 God Everywhere.

1 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,  
Where'er I turn my eye;  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky.  
All creatures, num'rous as they be,  
Are subject to thy care;  
There's not a place where we can flee,  
But God is present there.

2 In heav'n he shines with beams of love,  
With wrath in hell beneath;  
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,  
And 'tis his air I breathe.  
His hand is my perpetual guard;  
He keeps me with his eye;  
Why should I then forget the Lord,  
Who is forever nigh.

## 44 Mutual Love.

19

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
When those who love the Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil his word.  
When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part;  
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart.

2 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes soar above;  
We try each other's faults to hide,  
And show a brother's love.  
Let love in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow;  
And union sweet, and dear esteem,  
In every action glow.

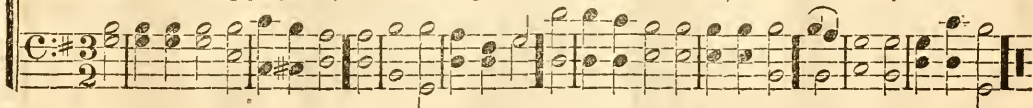
## 45 The Heavenly Land.

## PEARL GATE. C. M.

H. W. DAY.



1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; E-ter-nal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.  
2. There ev-er-last-ing spring abides, And nev-er-fading flow'rs; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.



3 But timorous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross this narrow sea;  
And linger, trembling, on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

4 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
'And see the Canaan that we love  
With unobscured eyes.

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream—nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

Musical notation for the hymn 'Youth devoted to God'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with chords and single notes.

1. Now that my life is just be-gun, My road so lit-tle trod, Let me, before I further run, Resign myself to God.  
 2. And lest my wandering feet be led, Through sinful paths to stray, Let me at once begin to tread, In wisdom's pleasant way.

3 What sorrows may my steps attend,  
 I never can foretell;  
 But if the Lord will be my friend,  
 I know that all is well.

4 If all my earthly friends should die,  
 And leave me mourning here;  
 Since God can hear the orphan's cry,  
 O, what have I to fear.

5 But, Lord, whatever grief or ill,  
 For me may be in store;  
 Make me submissive to thy will,  
 And I would ask no more.

## 47 Call to Sinners.

## WATCHTOWER. C. M.

Musical notation for the hymn 'Call to Sinners'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with chords and single notes.

1. The Savior calls—let every ear At-tend the heavenly sound; Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear; Hope smiles reviving round.  
 2. For every thirsty, longing heart, Here streams of bounty flow; And life, and health, and bliss impart, To banish mortal wo.

3. Dear Savior! draw reluctant hearts; To thee let sin-ners fly, And take the bliss thy love im-parts, And drink—and never die.

Musical notation for 'The Narrow Way'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. There is a path that leads to God, All others go astray: 'Tis narrow, yet a pleas-ant road, And chris - tians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin, 3 While that broad road where thousands go, 4 But lest my feeble steps should slide,  
 And dangers must be past : Lies near, and opens fair ; Or wander from the way ;  
 But those who boldly walk therein, And many turn aside, I know, Lord, condescend to be my guide,  
 Will come to heaven at last. To walk with sinners there. , And I shall never stray.

## 49 Choosing God and his commandments.

## DOWNS. C. M.

L. MASON.

Musical notation for 'Choosing God and his commandments'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/2. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. Thou art my portion, O my God ; Soon as I know thy way, My heart makes haste 'o'bey thy word, And suffers no de - lay.  
 2. I choose the path of heavenly truth, And glo-ry in my choice ; Not all the riches of the earth Could make me so re - joice.

3 Thy precepts and thy heavenly grace  
 I set before my eyes ;  
 Thence I derive my daily strength,  
 And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,  
 I think upon my ways ;  
 Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
 And trust thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am thine—forever thine—  
 O save thy servant, Lord !  
 Thou art my help—my hiding place—  
 My hope is in thy word.

1. Al - migh - ty Father, heavenly King! Who rules the world above, Ac - cept the trib - ute children bring, Of  
2. To thee, each morning, when we rise, Our ear - ly vows we pay; And e'er the night hath clos'd our eyes, We

grat - i - tude and love, Of grat - i - tude and love.  
thank thee for the day, We thank thee for the day.

3 Our Savior, ever good and kind,  
To us his word hath given;  
That children, such as we, may find  
The path that leads to heaven.

4 O Lord, extend thy gracious hand,  
To guide our erring youth;  
And lead us to the blissful land,  
Where dwells eternal truth.

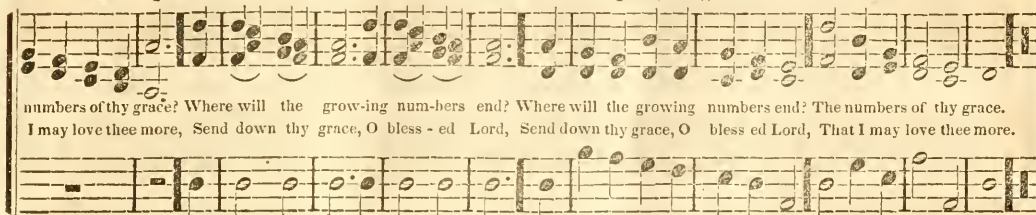
**51 Now is the Accepted Time.**

- 1 Let us adore the grace that seeks  
To draw our hearts above;  
'Tis God, the holy Savior, speaks,  
And every word is love.
- 2 Tho' fill'd with awe before his throne,  
Each angel veils his face;  
He takes young children for his own,  
And saves them by his grace.
- 3 O may the child that lives in sin,  
Enslav'd by Satan's power,  
Meekly obey the call divine,  
In this appointed hour.

**52 Faith and Love.****JUDE. C. M.**

1. My Savior, My al - migh - ty Friend, When I be - gin thy praise, Where will the growing numbers end, The  
2. Thou art my ev - er - last - ing trust; Thy good - ness I a - dore, Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord, That

As one part comes in after another, and the words repeat, sing louder and a little faster.



3 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road:

And march with courage in thy strength,  
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,  
With this delightful song,  
And entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the season long.

**53 The Golden Rule.**

1 Love God with all your soul and strength,  
With all your heart and mind,  
And love your neighbor as yourself;  
Be faithful, just, and kind.

2 Do unto others as ye would  
That they should do to you;  
Whate'er is honest, just, and good;  
With all your might pursue.

**54 Hope of Heaven.**

1 When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And Satan's darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

**55 Spring.**

1 When brighter suns and milder skies  
Proclaim the opening year,  
What various sounds of joy arise!  
What prospects bright appear!

2 Earth and her thousand-voices give  
Their thousand notes of praise;  
And all, that by his mercy live,  
To God their offering raise.

3 The streams, all beautiful and bright,  
Reflect the morning sky;  
And there, with music in his flight,  
The wild bird soars on high.

4 Thus, like the morning, calm and clear  
That saw the Savior rise,  
The spring of heaven's eternal year  
Shall dawn on earth and skies.

1. All hail the great Im-man-uel's name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown him,  
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, A remnant weak and small, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him,

## Two parts. Chorus.

crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.  
crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

8 Ye Gentle sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng  
We at his feet may fall,  
And join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

## 57 Crown him Lord of all.

- 1 Backsliders, who your misery feel,  
Attend your Savior's call;  
Return, he'll your backslidings heal,  
O crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Tho' crimson sin increase your guilt,  
And painful is your thrall,  
For broken hearts his blood was spilt,  
O crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Take with you words, approach his throne,  
And low before him fall;  
He understands the spirit's groan,  
O crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Whoever comes he'll not cast out,  
Although your faith be small;  
His faithfulness you cannot doubt,  
O crown him Lord of all.

## 58 Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus;"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.

## 59 The Bible.

- 1 How precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given!  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
In this dark vale of tears;  
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

1. How wondrous great, how glorious bright, Must our Creator be—Who dwells a-midst the daz-zling light Of

vast in - fin - i - ty.

- 2 Our soaring spirits upward rise,  
Tow'rd the celestial throne;  
Fain would we see the blessed Three,  
And the almighty One.
- 3 Our reason stretches all its wings,  
And climbs above the skies:  
But still how far beneath thy feet,  
Our grov'ling reason lies!
- 4 Lord, here we bend our humble souls,  
And awfully adore;  
For the weak pinions of our mind  
Can stretch a thought no more.

**61 The Sabbath.**

- 1 Our feeble voices, Lord, we raise,  
Before thy gracious throne;  
O! tune our hearts to sing thy praise,  
For all thy mercies shown.
- 2 Thy watchful eye, thy guardian hand,  
Supports us every hour;  
And in thy house this day we stand,  
Thy goodness to adore.
- 3 Incline our hearts to seek thy face,  
The Savior's name to love;  
And form us by almighty grace  
For nobler praise above.

**62 Infant School.****MY LITTLE FRIEND. C. M.**

1. My lit-tle friend may Jesus send His peace and love to you; Be always near your heart to cheer, And sinful thoughts sub-due.
- 2 May smiling skies above you rise,  
And flowers surround your way,  
May lilies bloom to shed perfume,  
And bless your earthly day.
- 3 May you in youth receive the truth,  
By God the Savior given;  
And love his word that marks the road,  
Which leads to bliss in heaven.
- 4 Then love and peace and joy 'll in-  
And you'll be free from care, [crease,  
And when you die God will on high,  
Receive and bless you there.

1. Great God, in whom we live and move, Ac - cept our feeble praise ; For all the mer - cy, grace, and love,  
 2. For comitless mercies, love unknown, Lord, what can we im-part ? Thou dost re-quire one gift a - lone,  
 3. In - cline us, Lord, to give it thee ; Pre-serve us by thy grace, Till death shall bring us all to see

Which crown our youthful days.  
 The of - fering of the heart.

Thy glo - ry face to face.

## 68 Infant School.

1. Ve-ry lit-tle things are we, Oh, how mild we all should be.

- 66 My Friend and Guide.**  
 Almighty God, while earth and heaven  
 Thy power and skill proclaim ;  
 Wilt thou permit a child to sing  
 The honor of thy name ?
- 2 The early dawn of opening life  
 Has proved thy guardian care,  
 And may I, through all future years,  
 Thy grace and goodness share.
- 3 Now may I give myself to thee,  
 And in thy name confide ;  
 Most gracious God ! O deign to be  
 My Father, Friend, and Guide.

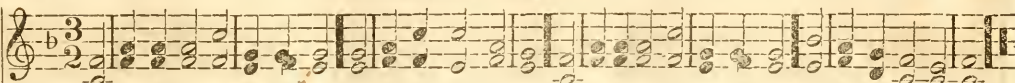
## THE MILD CHILDREN.

- 67 Kindness of Jesus.**  
 1 When Jesus left his heavenly throne,  
 He chose an humble birth ;  
 His brightest glories were unknown,  
 When he came down to earth.
- 2 Like him, may we be found below,  
 In humble paths of peace ;  
 Like him, in grace and knowledge grow,  
 As years and strength increase.
- 3 His words were sweet, and kind his look,  
 When mothers round him prest ;  
 Their infants in his arms he took,  
 And then pronounced them blest.

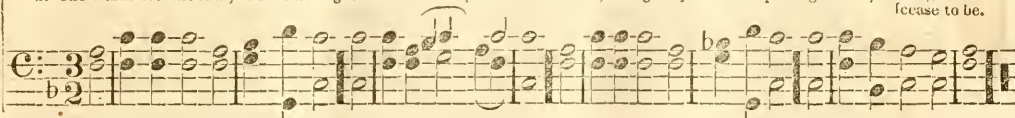
L. MASON.

- 2 Never quarrel, never fight,  
 That would be a shocking sight.
- 3 Just like pretty little lambs,  
 Softly skipping by their dams.
- 4 We'll be gentle all the day,  
 Love to learn as well as play.
- 5 Very little things are we,  
 Oh, how mild we all should be.





1. Behold the western evening light ! It melts in deepening gloom ; So calmly Christians sink away, Descending to the tomb.  
 2. The winds breathe low ; the withering leaf Scarce whispers from the tree ;—So gently flows the parting breath, When good men  
 cease to be.

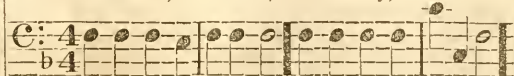


- 3 How beautiful on all the hills  
 The crimson light is shed !—  
 'Tis like the peace the christian gives  
 To mourners round his bed.
- 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud  
 The sun-set beam is cast !—  
 'Tis like the memory left behind,  
 When loved ones breathe their last.
- 5 But soon the morning's happier light  
 Its glory shall restore,  
 And eyelids that are sealed in death,  
 Shall wake to close no more.

**68 TO MY LITTLE FRIEND.** 7s. G. R. S.  
 Infant School.



- 1 Gladsome-hearted, cheerful lad, Ever merry, never sad.



- 2 O'er life's pathway bounding bright, Rapture in thine eye of light,  
 3 Glad at morning 'mid thy play, Evening finds thy heart still gay.  
 4 Rosy smiles; as soft as sweet, On thy lip serenely meet,  
 5 Dimple on thy placid brow, Never marked with care or woe.—  
 6 Ever may each virtue dwell, Youth and manhood's worth to tell.  
 7 Stores of knowledge gather rare, In thy youthful mind with care:  
 8 May no clouds obscure the dawn, Of thy lovely sunny morn—  
 9 Naught but pleasures strew thy way, Sweetest blessings crown thy day.

**69 Early Religion.** [TUNE, HALE.]

- 1 High in the shining courts above, God reigns the sov'reign king,  
 And angels round his throne of love, Loud hallelujahs sing.  
 2 Oh! did the young around, but know How great their pleasures are,  
 They would each sinful joy forego, And seek such bliss to share.

**70 Same Subject.** [TUNE, HALE.]

- 1 When children give their hearts to God, 'Tis pleasing in his eyes;  
 A flower, when offer'd in the bud, Is no vain sacrifice.  
 2 'Tis better far if we begin To fear the Lord betimes;  
 For sinners who grow old in sin Are harden'd in their crimes.  
 3 It saves us from a thousand snares To mind religion young;  
 Grace will preserve our following years, And make our virtues strong.  
 4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee May we our hearts resign;  
 'Twill please us to look back and see That our best days were thine.

1. See where the bleeding Sav-ior hangs, Up - on the shameful tree; For sin 'he bore those bit - ter pangs,

2 What wond'rous depths of quench- 3 Though I can never half repay,  
less love, The debt of love I owe;  
From heaven brought Jesus down, — Yet with my ransomed powers I may  
To shame and death, that we above Promote his cause below.

He shed his blood for me.

### 72 Death near.

- 1 The grass and flowers that clothe the field,  
And look so green and gay,  
Touch'd by the scythe, defenceless, yield,  
And fall and fade away.
- 2 Fit emblem of our mortal state;  
That in the scripture glass,  
The young, the strong, the wise, the great,  
May see themselves but grass.
- 3 Ah! trust not to your fleeting breath,  
Nor call your time your own;  
Around you, see! the scythe of death  
Is mowing thousands down.

### 73 Death.

- 1 Death has been here and borne away,  
A *brother* from our side;  
Just in the morning of *his* day,  
As young as we, *he* died.
- 2 Not long ago, *he* fill'd *his* place,  
And sat with us to learn;  
But *he* has run *his* mortal race,  
And never can return.
- 3 Perhaps our time may be as short;  
Our days may fly as fast;  
O Lord, impress the solemn thought,  
That this may be our last.

### 74 Approaching Death.

- 1 Alas! how changed that lovely flower,  
Which bloom'd, and cheer'd my heart;  
Fair fleeting comfort of an hour,  
How soon we're called to part.
- 2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign  
That God, whose ways are love?  
Or vainly cherish anxious pain,  
For *him* who rests above?
- 3 No! let me rather humbly pay  
Obedience to his will;  
And, in my inmost spirit, say  
"The Lord is righteous still."

### 75 The Good Boy.

### INFANT SCHOOL.

1. For worldly honor, I'd not waste Of life my lit - tle span; For better is the love of God, Than high-est praise of man.

2 I would not live to gather gold,  
Which misers round them hoard  
For he who trusts in riches here,  
Can never please the Lord.

3 But I would in the Sabbath School,  
A faithful scholar be;  
And for my own and other souls  
Would wear my life away.

4 Let others see in all I do,  
That 'tis my constant aim,  
That they, and all should love the Lord,  
And fear his sacred name.

Musical notation for 'Mortality' in G major, 3/2 time. The first staff is the treble clef and the second is the bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

1. Alas! how chang'd that lovely flow'r, Which bloom'd, and cheer'd my heart; Fair fleeting comfort of an hour, How soon we're call'd to part.

2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign  
That God, whose ways are love?  
Or vainly cherish anxious pain,  
For *him* who rests above?

3 No! let me rather humbly pay.  
Obedience to his will;  
And, in my inmost spirit, say  
"The Lord is righteous still."

## 77 The Love of Christ.

1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed,  
And did my Sov'reign die!  
Would he devote that sacred head,  
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,

When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes in tears.

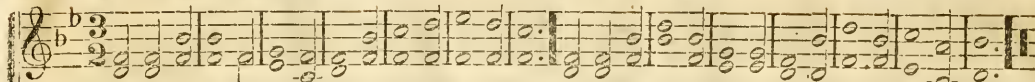
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Yet I would give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

## 78 New Year.

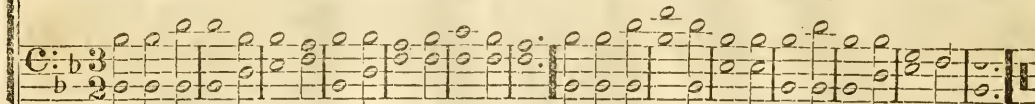
## BALERMA. C. M.

Musical notation for 'New Year' in G major, 3/2 time. The first staff is the treble clef and the second is the bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

1. How smiling wakes the verdant year Array'd in velvet green; How glad the circling fields appear, That bound the blooming scene.



1. Blest are the souls, who hear and know The gospel's joyful sound; Peace shall attend the path they go, And light their steps surround.  
2. Their joy shall bear their spirits up, Thro' their Redeemer's name; His righteousness exalts their hope, Nor Satan dares condemn.

**30 The Penitent.**

1 Oh, how divine, how sweet the joy,  
When one poor sinner turns,  
And with a humble broken heart,  
His sins with sorrow mourns.

2 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below  
In songs their tongues employ;  
Beyond the skies the tidings go,  
And heaven is fill'd with joy.

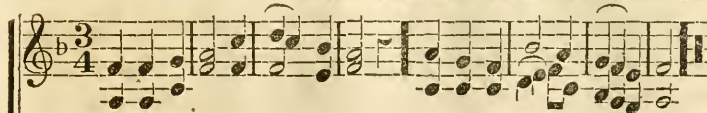
3 Well pleas'd, the Father sees and hears  
The conscious sinner's moan;  
Jesus receives him in his arms,  
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,  
But kindle with new fire;  
"The sinner lost, is found," they sing,  
And strike the sounding lyre.

**31 Happy Home.**

1 Jerusalem! my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labors have an end  
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built  
And pearly gates behold? [walls  
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?

**32 Infant School.****A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER. L. M.**

1. Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,  
2. O God preserve my moth - er dear  
3. And, O preserve my fath - er too,

God grant me grace my prayer to say!  
In health and strength for many a year.  
In all that's just he thinks to do.

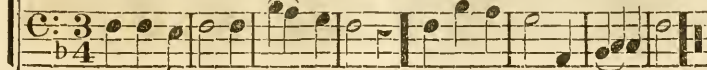
4 And may I my best thoughts employ,  
To be my parent's hope and joy!

5 O likewise keep my brothers both  
From evil doings and from sloth;

6 May love and peace and joy abound,  
To parents and to all around.

7 And still, O Lord to me impart  
An innocent and grateful heart,

8 Till after my last sleep I may  
Awake to thy eternal day!



1. We've past anoth - er Sabbath day, And heard of Je - sus and of heaven; We thank Thee for thy word and pray,  
2. For - give our in - at-tention, Lord, Our looks and thoughts that went astray; For-give our carelessness a - broad,

That this day's sins may be forgiven.  
At home, our i - dle - ness and play.

5 So, when our lives are finished here,  
And days and Sabbaths be no more:  
May we along with him appear,  
To serve and love Thee evermore.

4 Great God, I tremble at the thought,  
And at thy feet for mercy bend;  
That when to judgment I am brought,  
The judge himself shall be my friend.

### 84 Judgment.

1 How dreadful, Lord, will be the day,  
When all the tribes of dead shall rise;  
And those who dar'd to disobey,  
Shall stand before thy piercing eyes.

### 85 Joy to the Savior.

1 Poor broken hearts, why do you mourn,  
Like some forsaken dove forlorn?  
I am your Savior, come rejoice,  
And raise to heaven your cheerful voice.

3 May all we heard and understood,  
Be well remembered through the week;  
And help to make us wise and good,  
More humble, diligent, and meek.

2 The wicked child who often heard  
His pious teachers speak of thee,  
And fled from every serious word,  
Shall not be able then to flee.

2 Come, you that mourn, lament and weep  
And long to be among my sheep;  
'Tis my delight to set you free  
From sin, and death, and misery.

4 O bless our minister, we pray,  
Who loves to see a child attend;  
And let us honor and obey  
The words of such a holy friend.

3 No teacher, then, shall bid him pray  
To Him who now the sinner bears;  
For Christ himself shall turn away,  
And show no pity on his tears.

3 Forsake the world, with all its fame,  
Take up the cross, despise the shame;  
And now pursue the living way  
That leads to everlasting day.

1. Oft as the bell with sol - emn toll, Speaks the de - parture of a soul, Let each one ask himself, am I

Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die ?

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath,  
Preserves me from the jaws of death ;  
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,  
And plunged into a world unknown.

3 Then leaving all I lov'd below,  
To God's tribunal I must go ;  
Must hear the judge pronounce my fate  
And fix my everlasting state.

4 But when the solemn bell I hear,  
If safe from guilt, I need not fear ;  
Nor would the thought distressing be,  
"Perhaps it next may toll for me."

5 Rather my spirit would rejoice,  
And long and wish to hear thy voice  
Glad when it bids me earth resign,  
Secure of heaven if thou art mine.

### 87 Characters of Christ.

- 1 The whole creation can afford  
But some faint shadows of my Lord ;  
Nature, to make his beauties known,  
Must mingle colours not her own.
- 2 Is he a rock ? how firm he proves !  
The rock of ages never moves ;  
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,  
Attend us all the desert through.
- 3 Is he a sun ? his beams are grace,  
His course is joy and righteousness ;  
Nations rejoice, when he appears [tears.  
To chase their clouds, and dry their

### 88 A Dying Savior.

- 1 Stretch'd on the cross, the Savior dies,  
Hark ! his expiring groans arise :  
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,  
Runs down the sacred crimson tide.
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,  
And flows from every bleeding wound ;  
The vital stream, how free it flows,  
To save and cleanse his rebel foes.
- 3 Can I survey this scene of woe,  
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,  
And yet my heart unmoved remain,  
Insensible to love or pain ?

### 89 The Bible.

- 1 This is a precious book indeed ;  
Happy that child that loves to read :  
'Tis God's own word, which he hath giv'n  
To show our souls the way to heaven !
- 2 It tells us how the world was made ;  
And how good men the Lord obey'd :  
And his commands are in it too,  
To teach us what we ought to do.
- 3 It bids us all from sin to fly,  
Because our souls can never die :  
It points to heaven where angels dwell,  
And warns us to escape from hell.



1. Assembled in our school once more, O Lord, thy blessing we implore ; We meet to read, to sing and pray,  
2. Our fervent prayer to thee ascends, For parents, teachers, foes and friends ; And when we in thy house appear,

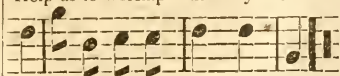


3. When we on earth shall meet no more,  
May we above to glory soar ;  
And praise thee in more lofty strains,  
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

- 2 No more fatigue—no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place ;  
No groans shall mingle with the songs,  
Which warble from immortal tongues.

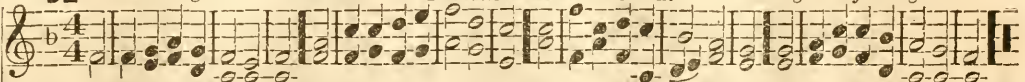
Be with us, then, through this thy day.  
Help us to worship in thy fear.

### 91 The eternal Sabbath.

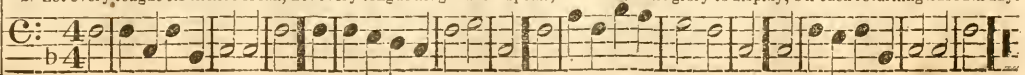


- 1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ; 3  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
To that our longing souls aspire,  
With cheerful hope—and strong desire.

- 2 No rude alarms of raging foes,  
No cares to break the long repose ;  
No midnight shade—no clouded sun—  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.



1. Thus far we're spared again to meet Before Jehovah's mercy seat ; To seek his face, to praise and pray, And hail another Sabbath day,  
2. Let every tongue its silence break, Let every tongue his goodness speak ; Who deigns his glory to display, On each returning Sabbath day,



34 93 Sabbath Scenes. **THE SABBATH BELL.** L. M. DOUBLE. *Smooth and gliding.*

1. Now sweetly thro' the lengthened dell, When summer airs are mild and clear Floats chiming up the

Sabbath bell In softened echoes to the ear! 'Come, gentle neighbors, come a-way!' So doth the welcome

summons say; 'Come friends and kindred, 'tis the time!' So seems to peal the Sabbath [chime.]

2 Done are the week's debasing cares,  
 And worldly ways and worldly will;  
 And earth itself an aspect wears;  
 Like heaven so bright, so pure, so still!  
 Hark, how by turns, each mellow note,  
 Now low, now louder, seems to float;  
 And falling with the wind's decay,  
 Like softest music dies away!



## 94 The Christian's Hope

1 As when the weary traveler gains  
The height of some commanding hill,  
His heart revives, if o'er the plain,  
He sees his home, though distant still ;  
So, when the Christian pilgrim views,  
By faith, his mansion in the skies ;  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

2 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers,  
No more he grieves for troubles past ;  
Nor any future trial fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.  
'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell,  
With Jesus in the realms of dr  
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,  
And he shall wipe my tears away.

## 95 Doxology. 35

1 The peace which God alone reveals,  
And by his word of grace imparts,  
Which only the believer feels,  
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts :  
2 And may the holy Three in One,  
The Father, Word, and Comforter,  
Descend and bring salvation down,  
To ev'ry soul assembled here.

## 95 The Mappy Choice.

**I DO NOT** wish for hoarded wealth. **L. M.**

*Rather slow.*

1. I do not wish for hoarded wealth, Let others delve for golden lore, If I may have my food and health, And

virtue's peace, I ask no more.

2 Seasons will cease, and orbs sublime  
Which cheer the gloom of sable night,  
Must sink beneath the tide of time,  
Whose whelming waves shall quench  
their light.

3 But the light pinions of the soul,  
Will still pursue their onward way,  
Beyond the verge of time's control,  
And bask in everlasting day.

4 O when I leave life's dreary night,  
By withering care or years oppressed,  
Then may I wing my eager flight,  
And find a calm, eternal rest

**97 The Resolution.**  
1 May I resolve with all my heart,  
With all my powers to serve the Lord ;  
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,  
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 Oh ! be his service all my joy ;  
Around let my example shine,  
Till others love the blest employ,  
And join in labors so divine.

3 Oh, may I never faint or tire,  
Nor, waud'ring, leave his sacred ways ;  
Great God, accept my soul's desire,  
And give me grace to love thy praise!

- 1 How sweet to leave the world awhile,  
And seek the presence of our Lord!  
Dear Savior, on thy children smile,  
And come according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,  
That we may here converse with thee;  
Oh! Lord, behold us at thy feet;  
Let this the gate of heaven be.
- 3 Oh! let thy glory now appear,  
That we by faith may see thy face;  
And speak, that we thy voice may hear,  
And let thy presence fill this place.

- 1 Our Savior, Jesus, heavenly King,  
Is pleased to hear when children sing;  
And while our feeble voices rise,  
Will not our humble prayer despise.
- 2 O keep us, Lord, from every sin,  
That we can see, or feel within;  
And what we neither feel, nor see,  
Forgive; for all is known to thee.
- 3 We own there's nothing good in us,  
That thou shouldst own and bless us thus:  
For sin and folly waste our days,  
Our pray'rs are weak, and poor our praise.

- 1 Great God to thee my voice I raise,  
To thee my youngest hours belong;  
I would begin my life with praise,  
Till growing years improve the song.
- 2 How do I pity those that dwell,  
Where ignorance and darkness reign;  
Who know no heav'n, who fear no hell,  
Of endless joy, or endless pain.
- 3 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,  
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heav'n,  
Nor will I run the road to death,  
And waste the blessings thou hast giv'n.

## 101

## HALLELUJAH CHORUS.

*Lively.**Many hymns will be more pleasing and devotional by singing the Chorus after the last verse.*

1. Glo-ry, hon-or praise and pow-er, Be un - to the Lamb for - ev - er, Jesus Christ is our Re-deem-er.

Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! praise the Lord.  
Hal-le- Hal-le-

## 102 The New Year.

- 1 Great God, we sing that mighty hand,  
By which, supported still, we stand:  
The opening year thy mercy shows,  
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God,  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.

1. Je - sus shall reign, where'er the sun Does his successive jour-nies run ; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,

## 104

## DUKE STREET. L. M.

Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

1. O thou! who hast at thy command, The hearts of all men in thy hands!

Our wayward, er - - ring hearts in - cline To have no oth - er will but thine.

<sup>2</sup>  
Our wishes, our desires, control ;  
Mould every purpose of the soul ;  
O'or all, may grace victorious be,  
That stand between ourselves and thee.

<sup>3</sup>  
May we, though feeble, weak, and frail,  
Against our mightiest foes prevail ;  
Be thou our safety from alarm ;  
Our strength, thine everlasting arm,

End. D. C.

1. Be-hold the sun a-dorns the sky, And darts his cheering rays on high; From east to west in glo-rious march,  
He gilds the wide ex-pan-ded arch.

2. The warb-ling larks, in' tri-umph mount, And all the scenes of morn re-count; While sounding groves and valleys ring,  
With praise to heaven's e-ter-nal King.

## 106 Sabbath Day.

## HEMAN. L. M.

*Sing with expression.*

End. D. C.

1. I love to have the Sab-bath come, For then I rise and quit my home, And haste to school with cheerful air,  
To meet my dear-est teach-ers there.

2. 'Tis there I'm al-ways taught to pray That God would bless me day by day, And safe-ly guard and guide me still,  
And help me to o-bey his will.

3. 'Tis there I sing a Savior's love,  
That brought him from his throne above,  
And made him suffer, bleed and die,  
For sinful creatures, such as I.

4 From all the lessons I obtain,  
May I a store of knowledge gain;  
And early seek my Savior's face,  
And gain from him supplies of grace.

5 And then, through life's remaining days,  
I'll love to sing my Savior's praise;  
And bless the kindness and the grace,  
That brought me to this sacred place.

First and third times.

End.

Second time.



1. Show, pity, Lord—O Lord, for - give, Let a re-*pent*-ing re - bel live ;  
 Oh wash my soul from ev - ery sin, And - make my guil - ty  
 Are not thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sinner trust in thee?



3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce thee just in death ;  
 Yet, save a trembling sin - ner, Lord, Whose hope, still hovering  
 And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law ap - proves it well.



conscience clean ; 2. Here, on my heart, the bur - den lies, And past of - fen - ces pain mine eyes.



round thy word. 4. Would light on some sweet prom - ise there, Some sure sup - port a - gainst despair.

**108 Death of the Righteous.**

1 How blest the righteous when he dies !  
 When sinks a weary soul to rest ;  
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
 How gently heaves th'expiring breast !  
 2 So fades a summer cloud away,  
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;  
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;  
 So dies the wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,  
 A calm, which life nor death destroys ;  
 And nought disturbs that peace profound,  
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.  
 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell,  
 How bright th'unchanging morn appears !  
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

**109 Doxology.**

1 Glory to God the Trinity,  
 Whose name has mysteries unknown ;  
 In essence One, in person Three ;  
 A social nature, yet alone.  
 2 When all our noblest powers are join'd  
 The honors of thy name to raise,  
 Thy glories over-match our mind,  
 And angels faint beneath the praise.

## STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M. DOUBLE.

1st time. 2d time. End.

1. { When marshalled on the night - ly plain, A glitter - ing host be - stud the sky; One  
star a - lone of all the train, Can fix the sin - ner's - - - - - wand'ring eye. }  
one a - lone the Sa - vior speaks, It is the star of Beth - lehem. }

2. Hark ! Hark ! to God the cho - rus breaks, From ev - ery host, from every gem; But

D. C.

3  
Once on the raging seas I rode ;  
The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
The ocean yawnd, and rudely blowed  
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4  
Deep horror then my vitals froze ;  
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;  
When suddenly a star arose,  
It was the star of Bethlehem.

## 111 Infant School.

## KINDNESS.

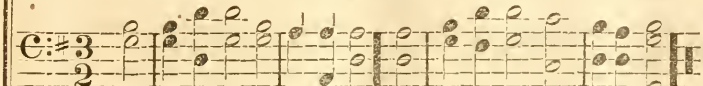
1. The God of heaven is pleased to see, A lit - tle fam - i - ly a - gree, And will not slight the praise they bring, When  
2  
3  
loying children join, join to sing.

For love and kindness please him more  
Than if we give him all our store,  
And children here, who dwell in love,  
Are like his happy, happy ones above.

The gentle child who tries to please,  
Who hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,  
And would not say an angry word,  
That child is pleasing, pleasing to the Lord.



1. Lord, make me feel that I've a heart That acts a most de - ceitful part ;  
 2. That's pleas'd on sinful things to rove, For - get - ting thee, its highest love.



3. O, turn to flesh this flinty stone, That it may worship thee a - lone.

## 113 The Convert's experience.

1  
 Jesus my all to heaven has gone,  
 He whom I fix my hopes upon ;  
 His track I see, and I'll pursue,  
 The narrow way, till him I view.

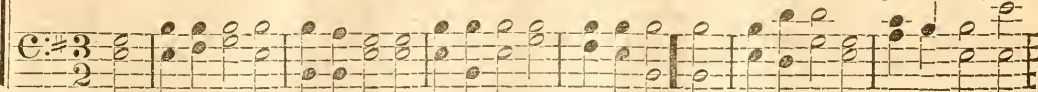
2  
 The way the holy prophets went,  
 The road that leads from banishment,  
 The King's highway of holiness,  
 I'll go for all his paths are peace.

## 114

## WINDHAM. L. M.



1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - get - her there ; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With  
 2. " De - ny thy-self and take thy cross," Is the Redeemer's great command ; Na - ture must count her gold but dross, If



here and there a trav - el - er.  
 she would gain this heavenly land.



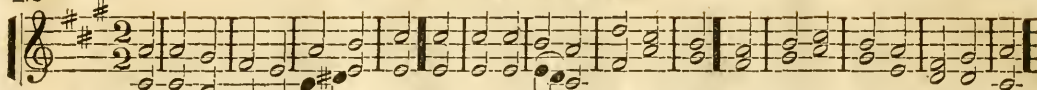
3  
 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,  
 And walks the ways of God no more,  
 Is but esteem'd *almost* a saint,  
 And makes his own destruction sure.

4  
 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;  
 Create my heart entirely new ;  
 Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
 Which false apostates never knew.

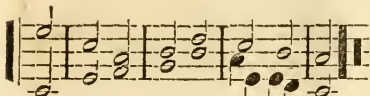
## 115 Universal Praise.

1  
 From all that dwell below the skies,  
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
 Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2  
 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;  
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall set to rise no more.



1 Our Father, God, who art in heav'n, To thy great name be rev'rence giv'n; Thy peaceful kingdom wide ex-tend,



And reign, O Lord, till time shall end.

2 Thy sacred will on earth be done,  
As 'Tis by angels round thy throne;  
And let us every day be fed,  
With earthly, and with heav'nly bread.

Our shield in all temptations prove,  
And every trial far remove.

3 Our sins forgive, and teach us thus  
To pardon those who injure us;

4 Thine is the kingdom to control,  
And thine the power to save the soul;  
Great be the glory of thy reign,  
Let every creature say, Amen.

## 117 Peaceful death of the Christian.

## LUTON. L. M.



I. Sweet is the scene when christians die, When ho - ly souls re - tire . . to rest : How mildly beams the closing eye !



How gen-tly heaves th'expiring breast.

2 So fades a summer cloud away  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
So gently shuts the eye of day;  
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,  
Fann'd by some guardian angel's wing:  
O grave! where is thy victory now,  
And where, O death, where is thy sting!

## 118 Christ our Guide.

1 Beset with snares on every hand,  
In life's uncertain paths we stand;  
Savior divine! diffuse thy light,  
And guide our doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage each weak and erring heart,  
Early to choose the better part;  
To yield the trifles of a day,  
For joys that never fade away.

3 Then should the wildest storms arise,  
And tempest mingle earth and skies:  
No fatal shipwreck shall we fear,  
But all our treasure with us bear



1. He lives, the ev - er-las-ting God, Who built the world, who spread the flood; The heav'ns with all their host he made,

2. Long as I live, I'll trust his power; Then in my last de-part-ing hour, Angels that trace the air - y road,

The musical notation consists of three staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The third staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

And the dark re - gions of the dead.

shall bear me homeward to my God.

The musical notation consists of three staves in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

**120 Christ's Ascension.**

- 1 Our Lord is risen from the dead;  
Our Jesus is gone up on high;  
The powers of hell are captive led;  
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits;  
And angels chant the solemn lay,  
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!  
"Ye everlasting doors give way!"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the radiant scene,  
He claims those mansions as his right;  
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 "Who is this King of glory, who?"  
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,  
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

**121 Intercession of Christ.**

- 1 He lives! the great Redeemer lives!  
(What joy the blest assurance gives!)  
And now, before his Father, God,  
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,  
And justice arm'd with frowns appears;  
But in the Savior's lovely face  
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 In every dark, distressful hour,  
When sin and Satan join their power,  
Let this dear hope repel the dart,  
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend,  
On him our humble hopes depend;  
Our cause can never, never fail,  
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

*Sing in an accented style.*

1. Dear children! have you ev-er thought That you will come to school in vain, Un-less you think of what you're taught,

And try in struc-tion to ob-tain.

**123 The Joyful Sound.**

- 1 Come, dearest Lord, who reigns above,  
And draw us with the cords of love;  
And while the gospel does abound,  
"O may we know the joyful sound."
  - 2 How sweet the tidings, free the grace  
It brings to our apostate race;  
It spreads a heavenly light around;  
"O may we know the joyful sound."
  - 3 The gospel bids the sin-sick soul  
Look up to Jesus and be whole;  
In him are peace and pardon found;  
"O may we know the joyful sound."
- 2 Allow no idle thought or look,  
Let no disturbing sound be heard;  
And when you read God's holy book,  
Be sure you mind it every word.
  - 3 At school, or home, still learn, and pray  
That holy wisdom may be giv'n,  
That teachers and the pupils may  
At last be saved, and meet in heav'n.
  - 4 Then happy we, and children, too,  
The mighty Teacher there shall meet,  
Obtaining wisdom ever new,  
Forever sitting at His feet.

**124 The Sabbath.**

- 1 This day belongs to God alone;  
He chooses Sunday for his own;  
And we must neither work or play,  
Because it is God's holy day.
- 2 'Tis well to have one day in seven,  
That we may learn the way to heaven;  
Then let us spend it as we should,  
In serving God, and growing good.

- 3 We ought, to-day, to learn to seek  
What we may think of all the week;  
And be the better every day,  
For what we've heard our teachers say
- 4 And every Sunday should be past,  
As if we knew it were our last;  
What would the dying sinner give,  
To have one Sabbath more to live!

**125 Monthly Concert.**

- 1 Ascend thy throne, almighty King,  
And spread thy glories all abroad;  
Let thine own arm salvation bring,  
And be thou known the gracious God.
- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat,  
Let humble mourners seek thy face:  
Bring sinful rebels to thy feet,  
Subdued by thy victorious grace.
- 3 O let the kingdoms of this world  
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;  
Let saints and angels praise thy name,  
Be thou thro' heav'n and earth adored.

1. I love the volume of thy word ; What light and joy those leaves afford ? To souls benighted and distressed ! Thy precepts guide my

2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes

And warn me where my danger lies ,  
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,  
That makes my guilty conscience clean,  
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,  
And gives a free, but large reward.

**127 Praise to our Maker.**

1 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God ; he made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;  
His truth forever stands secure :  
He saves th'oppress'd, he feeds the poor,  
And none shall find his promise vain.

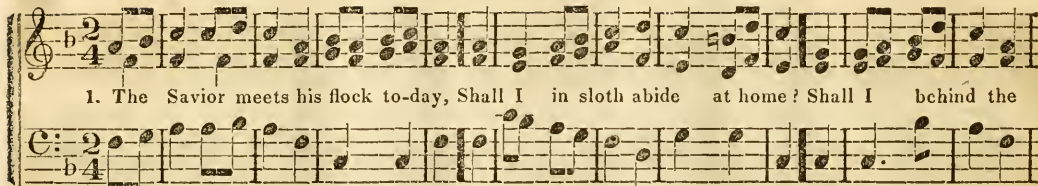
3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind ;  
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;  
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

**128 An Interest in Christ.**

1 And can it be that I should gain  
An interest in the Savior's blood ?  
Died he for me, who caused his pain ?  
For me, who him to death pursued ?  
Amazing love ! how can it be,  
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me !


2 'Tis mystery all : The Immortal dies !  
Who can explore his strange design !  
In vain the first born seraph tries  
To sound the depths of love divine !  
'Tis mercy all ! let earth adore :  
Let angel-minds inquire no more.



1. The Savior meets his flock to-day, Shall I in sloth abide at home? Shall I behind the



peo - ple stay, When Jesus kindly bids me come? I'll go; it is a place of prayer,

	<p>2</p> <p>Thou, O my Lord! give me the power; And like the saints, I'll watch for thee; In earnest wait the joyful hour. In hope that God may meet me there. When thou shalt be reveal'd in me: Now give the justifying grace, And sav'd from sin, show me thy face.</p>	<p>3</p> <p>Remove temptation, O my Lord: And let mine enemies be slain, Which would withdraw me from thy word, And plunge me in the world again: And always ready may I stand, To take my seat at thy right hand.</p>
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130 The Millennium in prospect. **QUILON.** L. P. M. or 6 lines 8s. Theme from Costello. 47

End.

1 Let all the earth their voices raise, To sing a psalm of lof - - - ty praise, To sing and bless Je-  
His won-ders to the na - tions show, And all his sav-ing works pro-claim.

D. C.

3

Oh! haste the day, the glorious hour,  
When earth shall feel his saving power,  
And barbarous nations fear his name;  
Then shall the race of man confess  
The beauty of his holiness,  
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

131

Death to the World.

1

2

3

Come, Holy Ghost, all quick'ning fire, Humble, and teachable, and mild,  
Come, and my hallow'd heart inspire, O may I, as a little child,  
Sprinkled with the atoning blood; My lowly Master's steps pursue!  
Now to my soul thyself reveal, Be anger to my soul unknown;  
Thy mighty working let me feel, Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;  
And know that I am born of God. In love create thou all things new.

Let earth no more my heart divide;  
With Christ may I be crucify'd;  
To thee with my whole heart aspire;  
Dead to the world and all its toys,  
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,  
Be thou alone my one desire!

1. The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state maintains, His head with awful glories crowned; Array'd in robes of light,

Be-girt with sov'reign might, And rays of majes-ty a-round.

- 2 Upheld by thy commands,  
The world securely stands;  
And skies and stars obey thy word;  
Thy throne was fixed on high,  
Before the starry sky;  
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
- 3 In vain the noisy crowd,  
Like billows fierce and loud,  
Against thine empire rage and roar;  
In vain, with angry spite,  
The surly nations fight,  
And dash like waves against the shore.

## 133

## Now I lay me down to Sleep.

For the Infant School.

The little child or children will sing the upper part, and the father and mother or teacher, the lower part.

- 1 Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep  
2 Should I die be-fore I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take  
3 Then I'll sing a song of praise, To thee O Lord through end-less days

1. The fes - tal morn, my God, is come, That calls me to thy sac - red dome, Thy presence to a -

- dore : My feet the summons shall at - tend, With wil - ling steps thy courts . . as - cend,

With willing steps thy courts as - cend, And tread the hallowed floor.

[4]

2 With holy joy I hail the day,  
That warms my thirsting soul away,  
What transports fill my breast !  
For, lo ! my great Redeemer's power  
Unfolds the everlasting door,  
And leads me to his rest !

3 Hither, from earth's remotest end,  
Lo, the redeemed of God ascend,  
Their tribute hither bring ;  
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,  
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,  
And hail th' immortal King.

50 135 The Worship of God delightful. **MURRAY. H. M.** or four 6's, & two 6's. L. MASON.

1. Welcome, de-light - ful morn ! Thou day of sac - red rest ; I hail thy kind return ; Lord, make these moments blest.

From low delights, and mor-tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

- 2 Now may the King descend,  
And fill his throne of grace ;  
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,  
While saints address thy face ;  
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,  
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
- 3 Descend, celestial Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers ;  
Disclose a Savior's love,  
And bless these sacred hours ;  
Then shall my soul new life obtain,  
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

136 The glory of Christ in redeeming grace and dying love.

- |  |   |   |  |
|--|---|---|--|
| <p>1<br/>Join all the glorious names<br/>Of wisdom, love, and power,<br/>That ever mortal knew,<br/>That angels ever bore ;<br/>All are too mean<br/>To speak his worth ;<br/>Too mean to set<br/>My Savior forth.</p> | <p>2<br/>But oh, what gentle terms,<br/>What condescending ways,<br/>Does our Redeemer use,<br/>To teach his heavenly grace !<br/>To teach his heavenly grace !<br/>Mine eyes, with joy<br/>And wonder, see<br/>What forms of love<br/>He bears for me.</p> | <p>3<br/>Array'd in mortal flesh,<br/>He like an <i>Angel</i> stands ;<br/>And holds the promises<br/>And pardons in his hands ;<br/>Commission'd from<br/>His Father's throne,<br/>To make his grace<br/>To mortals known.</p> | <p>4<br/>Great <i>Prophet</i> of my God,<br/>My tongue would bless thy name<br/>By thee the joyful news<br/>Of our salvation came.<br/>The joyful news<br/>Of sins forgiven,<br/>Of hell subdued,<br/>And peace with heaven.</p> |
|--|---|---|--|



1. My soul and all its powers, Thine, wholly thine shall be; All, all my happy hours I con-se-crate to thee;

Me to thine image now re-store, And I shall praise thee ev - er more.

2 I wait thy will to do,  
As angels do in heaven;  
In Christ a creature new,  
Most graciously forgiven;  
I wait thy perfect will to prove,  
All sanctified by spotless love.

3 Then when the work is done,  
The work of faith with power,  
Receive thy favor'd son,  
In death's triumphant hour,  
Like Moses to thyself convey,  
And kiss my raptur'd soul away.

## 138 Christ our Shepherd, surety, Priest and Advocate.

1	2	3	4
I love my <i>Shepherd's</i> voice ;	To this dear <i>Surety's</i> hand	<i>Jesus</i> , my great <i>High Priest</i>	<i>My Advocate</i> appears
His watchful eyes shall keep	Will I commit my cause ;	Offer'd his blood and died ;	For my defence, on high ;
My wandering soul, among	He answers and fulfils	My guilty conscience seeks	The Father bows his ears,
The thousands of his sheep ;	His Father's broken laws ;	No sacrifice beside ;	And lays his thunder by ;
He feeds his flock,	Behold my soul	His powerful blood	Not all that hell
He calls their names ;	At freedom set,	Did once atone,	Or sin can say,
His bosom bears	My <i>Surety</i> paid	And now it pleads	Shall turn his heart,
The tender lambs.	The dreadful debt.	Before the throne.	His love, away.

1. Young men and maidens, raise Your tuneful voices high; Old men and children praise The Lord of earth and sky; Him Three in One, and

One in Three, Ex-tol to all e-ter-ni-ty.

2  
The Universal King  
Let all the world proclaim;  
Let every creature sing,  
His attributes and name:  
Him Three in One, and One in Three,  
Extol to all eternity.

3  
In his great name alone  
All excellencies meet;  
Who sits upon the throne,  
And shall for ever sit;  
Him three in One, and One in Three,  
Extol to all eternity.

Praise God from whom all bles-sings flow, Praise him all creatures, Praise, praise him, praise him, Praise him all.

Praise, praise him, praise him, praise. Praise him, praise him all.

All creatures here below. Praise him a-bove ye heavenly Hosts, Praise Father, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

141

LINNELL.

4 Gs. &amp; 2 8s.

H. W. DAY.

1. God of my life, to thee My cheer-ful soul I raise! I see my natal hour return, And bless the day that I was born.  
Thy goodness bade me be, And still pro-longs my days;

142

Blow ye the trumpet.

1	2	3
Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound; The year of Jubilee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners home.	Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made; Ye weary spirits, rest, Ye mournful souls, be glad; The year of Jubilee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home,	Extol the Lamb of God, The all-atoning Lamb; Redemption in his blood Throughout the world proclaim; The year of Jubilee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners home.

1. Je - sus, our ho - ly Lord, Thy name we join to sing; Who didst on this glad day, Complete sal - va - tion bring;

We bless the Lord, who from the grave, Arose a - gain, lost man to save.

2 O Lord forgive the child,  
Who plays and sins away  
The mercies we enjoy,  
On this thy saered day;  
For here we learn to serve the Lord  
And sing his praise, and hear his word.

3 Through thy redeeming blood,  
O Savior, set us free!  
Assisted by thy grace,  
O may we live to thee!  
And take us, Lord, when we shall die,  
To dwell with thee above the sky.

#### 144 The Savior Reigns.

1 Rejoice, the Lord is King,  
Your Lord and King adore;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Savior, reigns,  
The God of truth and love,

When he had purg'd our stains,  
He took his seat above;  
Lift up your hearts, &c.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given;  
Lift up your hearts, &c.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus the Judge shall come;  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home;  
We soon shall hear th'archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

**Trio.** *cres.*

1. Watch of Is - rael! we shall rest Calmly, if thy voice has blest; If thou say - est, "All is well," Ev-er wake-ful

**CHORUS.** *Dim.*

senti - nel, Ev-er wakeful senti - nel.

2. If in sleep our spirits dream,  
Still, O still be thou the theme;  
Heav'nly let our spirits be,  
E'en in dreamiug, dream of thee!

3. But if sleep be far away,  
And we watch till dawning day,  
Let the Spirit still impart,  
Calmness to each aching heart!

**145 Like Christ.**

1. Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,  
In thy gracious hands I am,  
Make me, Savior, what thou art,  
Live thyself within my heart

2. I shall then show forth thy praise,  
Serve thee all my happy days,  
Then the world shall always see,  
Christ the holy child in me.

**147****THE SWEETS OF PRAYER. 7s.**

1. Jesus, Lord we look to thee, Meek and humble may we be; Pride and anger put away, Make us ho-ly day by day.

2. Teach us for our friends to pray, And our parents to obey; Richest blessings from above, Give them for their tender love

3. May we find the sweets of prayer, Sweeter than our pastimes are; Love the Sabbath and the place, Where we learn to seek thy face.

**148 Jesus Born.**

1. Bright and joyful is the morn,  
For to us a child is born;  
From the highest realms of heaven  
Unto us a Son is given

2. On his shoulder he shall bear  
Power and majesty, and wear,  
On his vesture and his thigh,  
Names most awful, names most high

3. Wonderful in counsel he,  
Christ th' incarnate Deity,  
Sire of ages, ne'er to cease,  
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

*Sing slowly.*

Musical notation for the first song, 'The Fading Flower'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/2 time signature, and a bass clef staff with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. See the lovely blooming flow'r, Fade and wither in an hour; So our transient comforts fly, Pleasure only blooms to die.

- 2 See the leaves are falling fast,  
Scatter'd by the wint'ry blast;  
So our youthful pleasures fade,  
Cares will soon our breasts invade.
- 3 Time is passing swift away;  
Earthly joys will soon decay,  
May we have, prepared on high,  
Pleasures that will never die.

**150 Appeals from Eternity.**

- 1 When thy mortal life is fled,  
When, the death-shades o'er thee spread,  
Thou hast finish'd earth's career,  
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?
- 2 When the world has passed away,  
When draws nigh the judgment day,  
When the awful trump shall sound,  
Say, oh where wilt thou be found?
- 3 When the Judge descends in light,  
Clothed in majesty and might;  
When the wicked quail with fear,  
Where, oh where wilt thou appear?
- 4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,  
When the saints and thou must part?  
When the good with joy are crown'd,  
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

**151 Centre of our Hopes. JUBAL. 6 lines 7s.**

H. W. DAY.

End.

Musical notation for the second song, 'Centre of our Hopes'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/2 time signature, and a bass clef staff with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. Cen-tre of our hopes thou art, End of our enlarged desires; Stamp thine im-age on our heart; Fill us

Bound to thee by love di-vine, Seal our souls forever thine.

## D. C. JUBAL. (CONTINUED.)

**152 Orphan's Hymn.**

1. What though worldly friends may frown,  
Why should I dejected be?  
Father, let thy love be known,  
Let me find my all in thee.  
Never let my soul despair,  
God will hear the orphan's prayer.
2. Sorrow's child I long have been,  
Often for unkindness mourn'd

2  
All our works in thee be wrought,  
Levell'd at one common aim;  
Every word, and every thought,  
Purge in the refining flame;  
Lead us through the paths of peace,  
On to perfect holiness.

Friendless, orphan, poor, and mean,  
By the proud and wealthy scorn'd;  
Still to God did I repair,  
And he heard the orphan's prayer.

3. Earthly comforts fade and die,  
Sorrows oft our joys attend;  
But if we on God rely,  
He will prove our constant friend;  
Then on him I'll cast my care.  
He regards the orphan's prayer.

3  
Let us altogether rise,  
To thy glorious light restor'd;  
Here regain our Paradise,  
Here prepare to meet our Lord,  
Here enjoy the earnest given;  
Travel hand in hand to heaven!

**153 Humble Intercession.**

1. Why not now, my God, my God;  
Ready if thou always art,  
Make in me thy mean abode,  
Take possession of my heart:  
If thou canst so greatly bow,  
Friend of sinners, why not now.
2. God of love, in this thy day,  
For thyself to thee I cry.  
Dying, if thou still delay,  
Must I not for ever die?  
Enter now thy poorest home;  
Now, my utmost Savior, come.

**154 About Jesus—What he came for, and what he will do. DIALOGUE HYMN. 7s.**

1. Children, can you tell us why Je-sus came from heav'n to die? Teachers, yes, for us he came: Oh! how precious is his name!

- 2  
C. Children—have you learnt to know  
What return to him you owe?  
T. Teachers—we our hearts must give,  
Love—obey him while we live.

- 3  
T. Children—will he you receive  
If you on his name believe?  
C. Teachers—boundless is his grace  
If we early seek his face.

- 4  
T. Children—ask his mercy now;  
C. Savior, teach our hearts to bow;  
*All.* Hear—oh hear us, Lamb Divine,  
Make us all forever thine.

Musical notation for 'THE VILLAGE GREEN'. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. Sporting on the vil-lage green, Lit-tle Ma-ry oft is seen; Or without her cottage neat, Knitting on the garden seat.

2 Now within her humble door,  
Sweeping clean the kitchen floor,  
Where upon the wall so white,  
Hang her coppers polish'd bright.

3 Mary never idle sits,  
She either sews, or spins, or knits;  
Hard she labors all the week,  
With sparkling eye and rosy cheek.

4 And on Sunday, Mary goes,  
Neatly dressed in decent clothes,  
Says her prayers (a constant rule)  
And hastens to the Sunday School.

## 156

## PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7's.

First time. End.

Musical notation for 'PLEYEL'S HYMN'. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and 2/2 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. Morning breaks upon the tomb, Jesus scatters all its gloom! Day of triumph! through the skies,  
See the glorious Savior rise!

2 Ye who are of death afraid,  
Triumph in the promised aid;  
Drive your anxious cares away;  
See the place where Jesus lay.

D. C. 3 Christians, dry your flowing tears;  
Chase your unbelieving fears;  
Look on his deserted grave;  
Doubt no more his power to save,

## 157 Gracious Spirit.

1 Gracious Spirit—Love divine!  
Let thy light within me shine;  
All my guilty fears remove,  
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

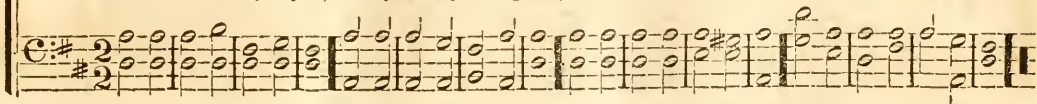
2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,  
Set the burdened sinner free;  
Lead me to the Lamb of God,  
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;  
Seal salvation on my heart:  
Breathe thyself into my breast,  
Earnest of immortal rest.





1. Father now the day is past, On thy child thy blessing cast; Near my pillow hand in hand, keep thy guardian an-ge'l band.



2

Father! through the darkling night,  
Bless me with a cheerful light,  
Let me rise at morn again,  
Free from every thought of pain.

3

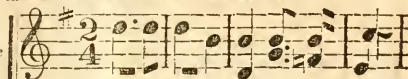
Passing through life's thorny way,  
Keep me, Father! day by day;  
When the day of life is past,  
On thy child thy blessing cast.

**159 The Lord's invitation.**

1 Come! said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, & make my paths your choice  
I will guide you to your home—  
Weary pilgrims! hither come.

2 Hither come—for here is found  
Balm for every bleeding wound,  
Peace, which ever shall endure—  
Rest, eternal—sacred—sure!

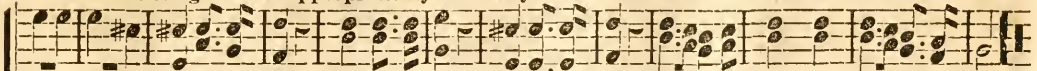
**160 ANGELIC CHORUS.**



Hal-le - lu-jah! praise ye the Lord,



To be sung after an appropriate hymn of any metre.

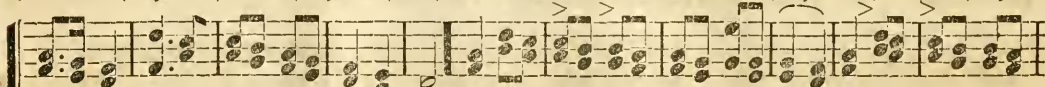


Hal - le - lu - jah! praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord.

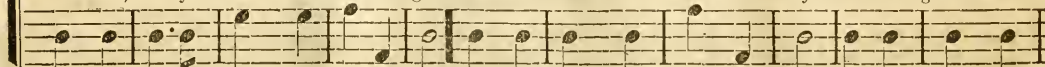




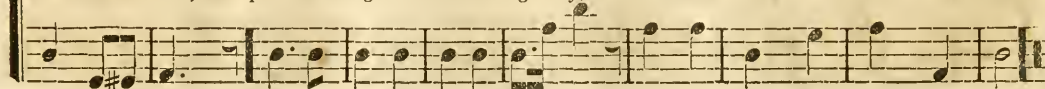
1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding through the skies; Lo! the an - gelic host re -  
 2. "Peace on earth, good will from heaven. Reaching far as man is found; Souls re - deem'd, and sins for -  
 3. "Hasten mortals to a - dore him; Learn his name, and taste his joy; Till in heaven ye sing be -



joices, Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise. Hear! O hear the wondrous story, Which they chant in  
 given, Loud our gold - en harps shall sound. Christ is horn, God's own an - ointed, Heaven and earth his  
 fore him, Glory be to God on high!" Let us learn the wondrous story Of our great Re -

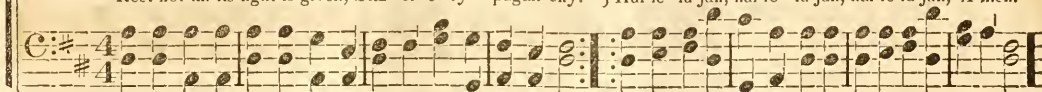


songs of joy; "Glory in the highest, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God on high!  
 prais - es sing; O re - ceive whom God ap - point - ed For your Prophet, Priest, and King."  
 deemer's birth; Spread the brightness of his glo - ry, Till it cov - er all the earth.





1. Onward, onward, men of heaven, Bear the gospel banner high. }  
 Rest not till its light is given, Star of ev'ry pagan sky. } Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.



Send it where the pilgrim stranger Faints 'neath Asia's vertic ray ; }  
 Bid the red-brow'd forest ranger Hail it ere it fades away. } Hallelujah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.

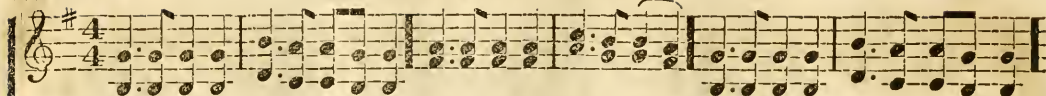


2 Where the Arctic ocean thunders,  
 Where the tropics fiercely glow,  
 Broadly spread its page of wonders,  
 Brightly bid its radiance flow.  
 India marks its lustre stealing ;  
 Shivering Greenland loves its rays ;  
 Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,  
 Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

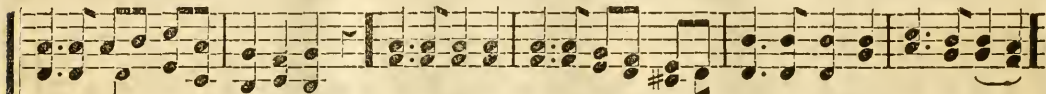
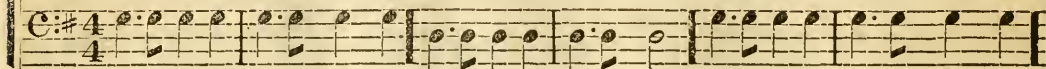
### 163 The dark world enlightened.

1 Earth is but the land of shadows,  
 Faintly tinged with glow-worm light,  
 Where the prince of darkness reigneth,  
 Presage of eternal night.  
 2 O thou Sun of glorious splendor !  
 Rise with healing in thy wing ;  
 Chase away these shades of darkness,  
 Holy light and comfort bring.

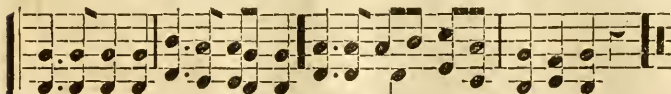
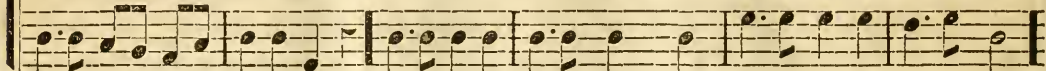
3 Take thy power, Almighty Savior !  
 Claim the nations for thine own ;  
 Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,  
 Till each heart becomes thy throne.  
 4 Then the earth, o'erspread with glory,  
 Decked with heavenly splendor bright,  
 Shall be made Jehovah's dwelling—  
 As at first the Lord's delight.



I Father, in thy sacred dwelling, Now we lift the voice in prayer : While our gentle hearts are swelling



Lend, O lend, a gracious ear ! View us on life's troubled wa - - ters, Rude-ly toss'd by ev - ery tide ;



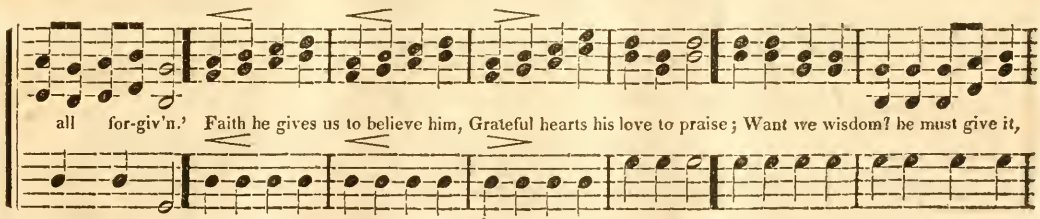
Guide us, infant sons and daughters, O'er the bil - lows far and wide.



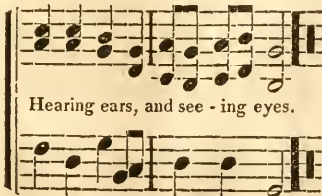
2. Should the distant shadows rising,  
 Veil in clouds our vernal sky,  
 May we, on thy arm reclining,  
 Feel secure when danger's nigh.  
 Keep us, by thy spirit given,  
 Till the voyage of life is past,  
 Safely to the port of heaven  
 Bring our weary souls at last.



1. Je-sus gives us true re-pen-tance, By his spir-it sent from heaven; Jesus whispers this sweet sentence, 'Son, thy sins are



all for-giv'n.' Faith he gives us to believe him, Grateful hearts his love to praise; Want we wisdom? he must give it,



Hearing ears, and see - ing eyes.

2  
 Jesus gives us pure affections,  
 Helps us do what he commands;  
 Makes us follow his directions,  
 Gives us willing feet and hands;  
 All our prayers, and all our praises,  
 We should offer in his name.  
 He who dictates them is Jesus;  
 He who answers is the same.

3  
 Lamb of God, we fall before thee,  
 Humbly trusting in thy cross;  
 That alone be all our glory,  
 All things else we count but loss.  
 Thee we own a perfect Savior,  
 Endless source of joy and love;  
 Grant us, Lord, thy constant favor,  
 Till we reign with thee above.

1. One there is a - bove all others, Well deserves the name of Friend; His is love be - yond a brother's,  
2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood? But this Savior died to have us

Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.  
Rec - ou - rted in him to God.

## 167 Faith I need.

3  
When he lived on earth abased,  
Friend of sinners was his name:  
Now above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same.

4  
Oh! for grace our hearts to soften,  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
We, alas! forget too often,  
What a friend we have above.

1  
Faith I need; O Lord, bestow it,  
Give my laboring mind relief—  
Oft, alas! I doubt—I know it—  
Help, oh help my unbelief!

2  
Dearest Savior, by thy merit,  
May I gain a future crown—  
Guide, oh guide me by thy spirit,  
Till these storms are overblown.

168 The fount of every blessing. MEROL. 8s & 7s. DOUBLE. *Smooth and flowing. D. C.*

1. Come, thou Fount of ev-ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace: }  
Streams of mer-cy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise; } Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above:  
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it; Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come ;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interpos'd his precious blood !

3 O ! to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be ?  
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it ;  
Seal it for thy courts above.

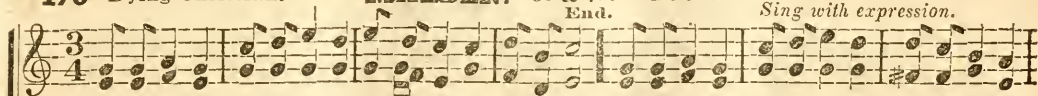
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Bid us now depart in peace ;  
Still on heavenly manna feeding,  
Let our faith and love increase ;  
Fill each breast with consolation ;  
Up to thee our hearts we raise :  
When we reach our blissful station,  
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

170 Dying Christian.

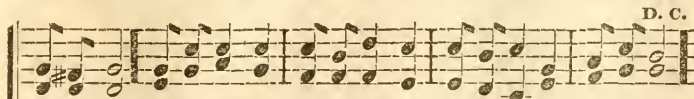
MALDEN. 8s & 7s. DOUBLE.

End.

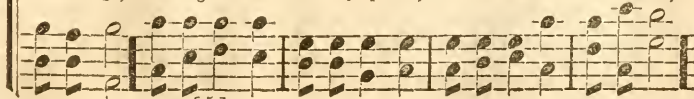
Sing with expression.



1. Hap-py soul, thy days are end-ed, All thy mourning days below ; Go by an-gel guards at-tend-ed, To the sight of  
Shows the purchase of his mer-it, Reaches out the crown of love.



Je - sus go, Wait-ing to' re - ceive thy spi - rit, Lo ! the Sa-vi-or stands above ;



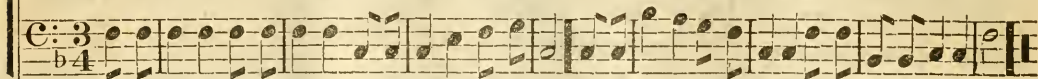
[5]

2

Struggle through thy latest passion,  
To thy great Redeemer's breast :  
To his uttermost salvation,  
To his everlasting rest.  
For the joy he sees before thee  
Bear a momentary pain ;  
Die to live a life of glory,  
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign

*Not too Fast.*

1. Winter lingers in the bowers, Birds are locked in slumbers deep; Tell me snow drops, modest flowers, Who thus early breaks your sleep.  
2. Long before the snow is running, Melted in the moun-tain stream, Tender forms! I see you sun-ning, In a cold and cheerless beam.



3. And your lily lips do quiver,  
Whispering 'we are children too;'  
Bloom to praise the gracious giver,  
'Wither, die, and bloom anew.'

4. 'Twas a Father's care arrayed us,  
In the pure and snowy white;  
'Twas a Father's kindness made us  
Bloom so innocent and bright.

5. Child! be innocence thy beauty!  
Strive in purity to shine,  
So when ends the cause of duty,  
Heaven's glory shall be thine.'

**172 Praise for Redemption.**

1. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, I  
Wretched wanderer, far astray;  
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee,  
From the paths of death away.
2. Praise, with love's deourest feeling,  
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
And, the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stained cross appear
3. Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling,  
Vainly would my lips express;  
Low before thy footstool kneeling,  
Dign thy suppliant's prayer to bless,
4. Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise!  
And, since words can never measure,  
Let my life show forth thy praise

**173 Glorifying in the Cross.**

1. When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
2. When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.
3. Grief and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.
4. In the cross of Christ I glory,  
'Towering o'er the wrecks of time,  
All the 'light of s'ered story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

**174 Judgment Scenes.**

1. Lo! he comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favored sinners slain!  
Thousand, thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train.
2. Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty!  
Those who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierced, and nailed him to the cross.
3. When the solemn trump has sounded,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away.  
All who hate him must, confounded,  
Hear the summons of that day.
4. Yea, amen! let all adore thee,  
High on thine eternal throne!  
Savior, take the power and glory!  
Make thy righteous sentence known.



1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore, Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of

pi-ty love and pow'r, He is a-ble, He is will-ing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify ;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh ;  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger ;  
Nor of fitness fondly dream,  
All the fitness he requireth,  
Is, to feel your need of him ;  
This he gives you,  
'Tis the spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall,  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all ;  
Not the righteous ;  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!  
Ou the bloody tree behold him !  
Hear him cry before he dies,  
"It is finished!"  
Sinners, will not this suffice ?

## 176 Supplication for the Spirit.

- 1 Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,  
Bless the sower and the seed ;  
Let each heart thy grace inherit,  
Raise the weak, the hungry feed ;  
From the gospel  
Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 O may all enjoy the blessing,  
Which thy words designed to give ;  
Let us all, thy love possessing,  
Joyfully the truth receive ;  
And for ever  
To thy praise and glory live.

## 177 Praise.

- 1 God our Father, great Creator,  
At thy feet we humbly bow ;  
Gratitude for boundless favor  
Should in praise forever flow ;  
Great Jehovah,  
Praise to thee is ever due.
- 2 Gracious Jesus, mighty Savior !  
Hear our lisplings to thy praise ;  
Thou didst bless such little children,  
And invite them near thy face ;  
Son of David,  
Loud hosannas to thy name.

1. Ho-ly Fath - er! let thy bles - sing, Peace, and com-fort from a - bove, Rest up - on us here con-  
O for - give us, O for - give us; Par-don us for Je - - sus's sake.

2. Young in years, but old in sin - ning, We have all de - served thy wrath; Lord di - rect us, while be-  
O di - - rect us, O di - - rect us, In the way that leads to thee.

## 179 Missionary Hymn. HELMSLEY. 8s &amp; 7s. or, 8s, 7s &amp; 4.

D. C.

fess - ing, All our sins a-against thy love;  
gin - ning, Now to walk in wis-dom's path;

1. O'er the gloo - my hills of dark-ness, Look, my  
See the prom - i - ses ad - van - cing To a

soul be still, and gaze;  
glo-rious day of grace! Bles - sed Ju - bilee! Bles - sed Ju - bilee! Let thy glorious morning dawn!

2. Let the Indian, let the Negro,  
Let the rude barbarian, see  
That divine and glorious conquest  
Once obtained on Calvary ;  
Let the gospel  
Loud resound, from pole to pole.
3. Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;  
Now, from eastern coast to western,  
May the morning chase the night.  
Let redemption,  
Freely purchased, win the day !

1. Lord, dis-miss us with thy bles - sing, Fill our hearts with

joy and peace ; Let us each thy love pos - ses-sing, Tri - umph in re - deem-ing grace ; Hal - le-

lu - jah, Hal - le - - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A-men.

2. Thanks we give, and adoration  
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;  
May the fruits of thy salvation,  
In our hearts and lives abound.  
Hallelujah, hallelujah, &c.
3. So, when'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away ;  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay ;  
Hallelujah, hallelujah, &c.

1. I long to be-hold him ar - ray'd With glo-ry and light from a - bove; The King in his beauty display'd,  
2. I lan-guish and sigh to be there, Where Je-sus hath fixed his a - bode; O when shall we meet in the air,

His beauty of ho - liest love. 3 With him I on Sion shall stand, 5 How happy the people that dwell  
And fly to the mountain of God. For Jesus hath spoken the word, Secure in the city above!  
The breadth of Immanuel's land No pain the inhabitants feel,  
Survey by the light of my Lord: No sickness or sorrow shall prove;

4 But when on thy bosom reclin'd, 6 Physician of souls, unto me  
Thy face I am strengthen'd to see, Forgiveness and holiness give;  
My fulness of rapture I find, And then from the body set free,  
My heaven of heavens in thee. And then to the city receive.

## 182 Christmas Hymn.

## DANEVILLE. 8s.

1. All glo-ry to God in the sky, And peace up-on earth be re-stor'd! Oh, Je-sus, ex - alt-ed on high,  
2. Who meanly in Beth-le-hem born, Didst stoop to re-deem a lost race; Once more to thy creatures re - turn,

# DANEVILLE. (CONTINUED.)

Ap - pear our om - nip - o - tent Lord !  
And reign in thy king - dom of grace.

3 O wouldst thou again be made  
Again in thy Spirit descend [known  
And set up in each of thine own,  
A kingdom that never shall end.

4 Thou only art able to bless,  
And make the glad nations obey,  
And bid the dire enmity cease,  
And bow the whole world to thy  
sway.

5 Come then to thy servants again,  
Who long thy appearing to know;  
Thy quiet and peaceable reign  
In mercy establish below :

6 All sorrow before thee shall fly,  
And anger and hatred be o'er;  
And envy and malice shall die,  
And discord afflict us no more.

183 Joy in believing,

MALON. 8l. 8s. P. M. (DOUBLE.)  
End.

1. A - way with our sorrow and fear, We soon shall recov - er our home; The cit - y of saints shall appear; The day of e -  
The house of our Father above, The palace of an - gels and God.

D. C.

2

ter - ni - ty come. From earth we shall quickly remove, And mount to our native a - bode;

By faith we already behold  
That lovely Jerusalem here;  
Her walls are of jasper and gold,  
As crystal her buildings are clear;  
Immovably founded in grace,  
She stands, as she ever hath stood  
And brightly her Builder display  
And flames with the glory of

1. { Christ for - ev - er lives to pray\* For all that trust in him;  
I my soul on Je - sus stay, Al - mighty to Re - deem: He shall pu - ri - fy my heart, Who in his

blood for - givenness have, All his hal'wing pow'r ex - ert, And to the utmost save.

2 Basis of our steadfast hope,  
Savior, thy ceaseless pray'r  
Sanctifies and lifts us up  
To meet thee in the air:  
Yes, thine interceding grace  
Preserves us every moment thine,  
Till we rise to see thy face,  
And share thy throne divine.

## 185 Happiness in Religion.

*Not too fast.*

## NEVIL. four 8s &amp; two 6s.

1. How happy, gracious Lord are we! Di - vine - ly drawn to follow thee, Whose hours divided are; Be -



twixt the mount and multitude, Our day is spent in doing good, Our night in praise and pray'r.



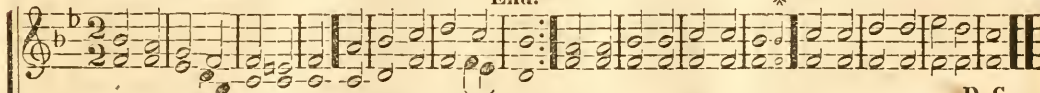
2 With us no melancholy void,  
No moment lingers unemploy'd,  
Or unimprov'd below,  
Our weariness of life is gone,  
Who live to serve our God alone  
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night and summer's day,  
Glide imperceptibly away,  
Too short to sing thy praise;  
Too few we find the happy hours,  
And haste to join those heavenly pow'rs,  
In everlasting lays.

186 SOUTHACK. 7 & 6, or 7, 6, & one 8, by making use of the additional small note under the star.

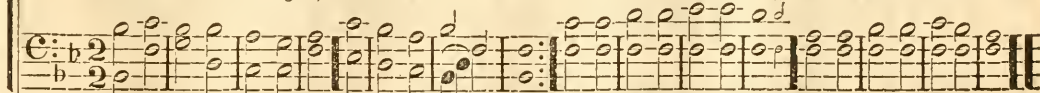
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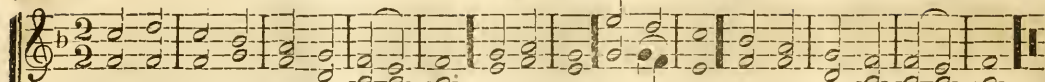
D. C.

1. { Father, God, we glo-ri - fy Thy love to Ad-am's seed; }  
 { Love that gave thy Son to die, And rais'd him from the dead; } Him for our of - fen - ces slain, That we all might pardon find,  
 Thou hast bro't to life again, The Sav-ior of man-kind.

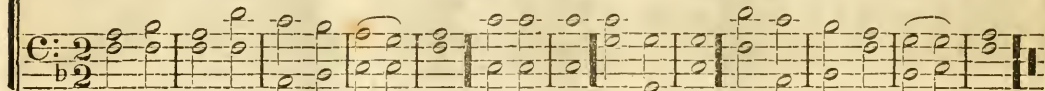


- 2 By thy own right hand of power  
Thou hast exalted him,  
Sent the mighty conqueror  
Thy people to redeem;  
King of saints, and Prince of Peace.  
Him thou hast for sinners given,  
Sinners from their sins to bless,  
And lift them up to heaven.

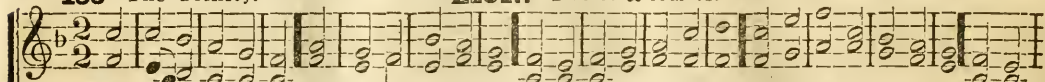
- 3 Father, God, to us impart  
The gift unspeakable;  
Now in every waiting heart  
The glorious Son reveal;  
Quicken'd with our living Lord,  
Let us in thy Spirit rise,  
Rise to all thy life restor'd,  
And bless thee in the skies.



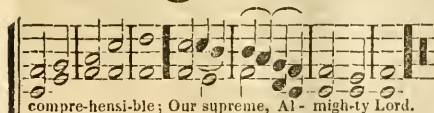
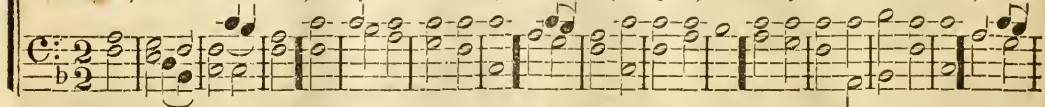
1. Shepherd, while thy flock is feed-ing, Take these lambs, In thine arms, Now for shelter plead - ing.  
 2. While the storm of life is lowering, Night and day, Beasts of prey, Round them lurk devouring.



3. Shepherd every grace combin - ing, Keep these lambs, In thine arms, On thy breast re-clin - ing.

**188 The Trinity.****ZION.** Two 6s & four 7s.

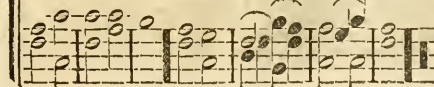
1. Hail, co-es-sen-tial Three, In mys-tic U-ni-ty! Father, Son, and Spi-rit, hail! God by heaven and earth ador'd, God in -



compre-hensi-ble; Our supreme, Al-migh-ty Lord.

2  
 Thou sittest on the throne,  
 Plurality in One;  
 Saints behold thine open face,  
 Bright, insufferably bright;  
 Angels tremble as they gaze,  
 Sink into a sea of light.

Round the throne in order move:  
 "Holy, holy, holy," cry,  
 Breathe the praise of silent love?



3  
 Ah, when shall we increase  
 Their heavenly ecstasies?  
 Chant, like them, the Lord most high,

4  
 Come, Father, in the Son  
 And in the Spirit down;  
 Glorious Triune Majesty,  
 God through endless ages blest  
 Make us meet thy face to see,  
 Then receive us to thy breast



**189 Full Redemption.**

Savior, the world's and mine,  
Was ever grief like thine?  
Thou my pain, my curse, hast took,  
All my sins were laid on thee;  
Help me, Lord, to thee I look;  
Draw me, Savior, after thee.

2 'Tis done! my Lord hath died;  
My love is crucify'd;  
Break this stony heart of mine;  
Pour, mine eyes, a ceaseless flood;  
Feel, my soul, the pangs divine;  
Catch, my heart, the issuing blood.

3 When, O my God, shall I  
For thee submit to die?  
How the mighty debt repay?  
Rival of thy passion prove;  
Lead me in thyself, the way,  
Melt my hardness into love.

4 To love is all my wish,  
I only live for this;  
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,  
There by faith, for ever dwell;  
This I always will require,  
Thee, and only thee to feel.

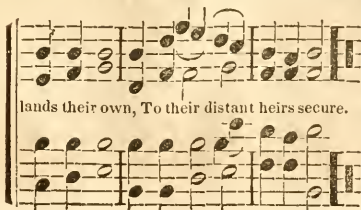
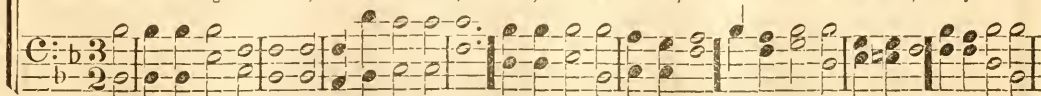
**190 King of Glory.**

1 Jesus, thou art our King!  
To me thy succour bring—  
Christ, the mighty One art thou,  
Help for all on thee is laid;  
This the word; I claim it now;  
Send me now the promis'd aid.

2 Triumph and reign in me,  
And spread thy victory;  
Hell, and death, and sin control,  
Pride, and wrath, and every foe,  
All subdue; through all my soul,  
Conqu'ring, and to conquer go.

**191 Earth and Heaven.****BORNEL.** Two 6s & four 7s.

1. How weak the thoughts and vain, Of self-deluded men, Men who, fix'd to earth alone, Think their houses shall endure; Fondly call their



lands their own, To their distant heirs secure.

2 How happy then are we,  
Who build, O Lord, on thee,  
What can our foundation shock?  
Though the shatter'd earth remove,  
Stands our city on a rock,  
On the Rock of heavenly Love.

3 A house we call our own,  
Which cannot be o'erthrown;  
In the general ruin sure,  
Storms and earthquakes it defies;  
Built immovably secure;  
Built eternal in the skies.

4 O might we quickly find  
The place for us design'd!  
See the long-expected day  
Of our full redemption here,  
Let the shadows flee away;  
Let the new-made word appear.

5 High on thy great white throne,  
O King of Saints, come down,  
In the New Jerusalem,  
Now triumphantly descend;  
Let the final trump proclaim  
Joys begun which ne'er shall end.

76 **192** Here and in heaven. **LITTLETON.** 7s & 6s. **P. M.**  
*Very Slow.*

1. Here we suf - fer grief and pain, Here we meet to part a - gain, In heaven we part no more,  
 2. All who love the Lord be - low, When they die to heav'n will go, And sing with saints a - bove,

*Quick.*

O! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful, O! that will be joy - ful, When we meet to part no more.  
 O! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, &c.

3	4	5
God shall wipe away all tears, Pain and sorrows, sighs and fears, For ever flee away. O that will be joyful! &c.	No'ne hath seen, nor ear hath heard, What good things are there prepared, For those who love the Lord. O! that will be joyful! &c.	Let us all then, watch and pray, And prepare for that great day, When Christ our Judge appears. O! that will be joyful! &c

1. Now the Savior stands a pleading, At the sinner's bolted heart; Now in heav'n he's m-ter-ced-ing, Un-der-

tak - - - ing sin-ner's part.

2 Now he pleads his sweat and bloodshed,  
Shows his wounded hands and feet;  
Father, save them, though they're blood-red,  
Raise them to a heavenly seat.

3 Sinners, hear your God and Savior,  
Hear his gracious voice to-day,  
Turn from all your vain behavior,  
O repent, return, and pray.

4 O be wise, before you languish  
On the bed of dying strife;  
Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,  
Turn upon the events of life.

#### 194 Judgment Scenes.

1 Lo! he comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favored sinners slain!  
Thousand, thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train;

2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty!  
Those who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierced and nailed him to the tree.

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away;  
All who hate him must, confounded,  
Hear the summons of that day.

4 Yea, amen!—let all adore thee,  
High on thine eternal throne!  
Savior, take the power and glory;  
Make thy righteous sentence known.

#### 195 Glorifying in the Cross.

1 When the waves of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

2 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.

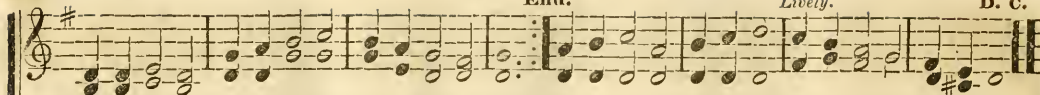
3 Grief and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

4 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time,  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

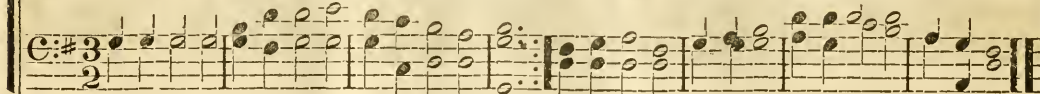
End.

*Lively.*

D. C.



1. { Time is winging us a-way, To our e - ternal home ; }  
 { Life is but a winter's day, A journey to the tomb ! } Youth and vigor soon will flee, Blooming beauty lose its charms;  
 All that's mortal soon shall be Enclosed in death's cold arms.



- 2 Time is winging us away To our eternal home, }  
 Life is but a winter's day, A journey to the tomb ; } But the christian shall enjoy Health and beauty, soon above,  
 Far beyond the world's alloy Secure in Jesus' love.

## 197 Hope of Heaven.

## AMSTERDAM. 7s &amp; 6s.



1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por-tion trace ; } Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay,  
 { Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Towards heav'n thy native place : }



Time shall soon this earth remove ; Rise my soul, and haste away, To seats prepar'd a - bove.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course ;  
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,  
Both speed them to their source :  
So the soul that's born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face ;  
Upward tends to his abode  
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;  
Press onward to the prize ;  
Soon our Savior will return,  
Triumphant to the skies—  
Yet a season, and you know,  
Happy entrance will be given ;  
All our sorrows left below,  
And earth exchanged for heaven.

198 The tranquility of Sabbath Twilight. SABBATH EVENING. 7s & 6. single.

1. Come ho - ly Sabbath evening, Spread o'er the grassy fields ; We love the peaceful feeling, Thy silent coming yields.

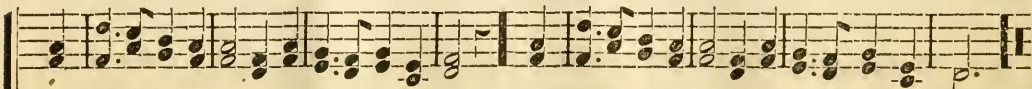
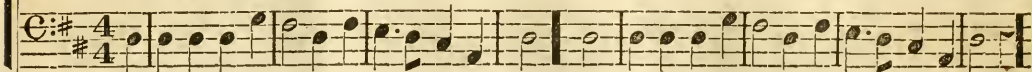
2 See where the clouds are weaving,  
A rich and golden chain ;  
See how the darkened shadow  
Extends along the plain.

3 All nature now is silent  
Except the passing breeze,  
And birds their night-song warbling,  
Among the dewy trees.

4 Sweet evening thou art with us,  
So tranquil, mild, and still ;—  
Thou dost, our thankful bosoms,  
With humble praises fill



1 We come with joy and gladness, To breathe our songs of praise, Nor let 'ne note of sadness, Be mingled in our lays,  
 2 The sound is waxing stronger, And thrones and nations hear, Proud man shall rule no longer, For God the Lord is near.  
 3 And then shall sink the mountains Where pride and pow'r are crown'd, And peace, like gentle fountains, Shall shed its pureness round.

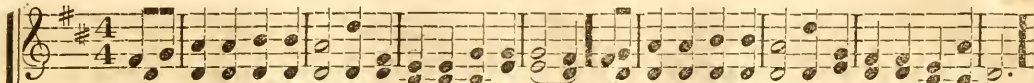


For 'tis a hallowed sto-ry, This theme of freedom's birth; Our fathers' deeds of glory Are echoed round the earth.  
 And he will crush oppression, And raise the humble mind, And give the earth's possession Among the good and kind.  
 O, God! we would adore thee, And in thy shadow rest; Our fathers bowed before thee, And trusted, and were blest.

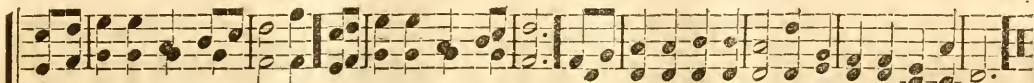
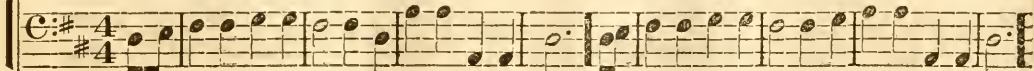


### 200 Longing for Jesus.

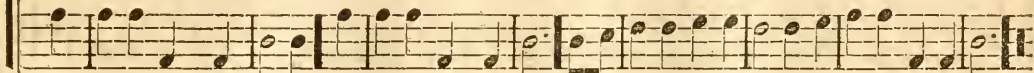
- |   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| <p>1. O! when shall I see Jesus,<br/>         And reign with him above;<br/>         And from that flowing fountain,<br/>         Drink everlasting love;<br/>         When shall I be deliver'd<br/>         From this vain world of sin?<br/>         And with my blessed Jesus,<br/>         Drink endless pleasures in?</p> | <p>2. But now I am a soldier,<br/>         My Captain's gone before,<br/>         He's given me my orders,<br/>         And bid me not give o'er;<br/>         And since he has proved faithful,<br/>         A righteous crown he'll give,<br/>         And all his valiant soldiers<br/>         Eternal life shall have</p> | <p>3. Through grace, I am determin'd<br/>         To conquer, though I die;<br/>         And then away to Jesus,<br/>         On wings of love I'll fly.<br/>         Farewell to sin and sorrow,<br/>         I bid you all adieu.<br/>         Then O my friends be faithful,<br/>         And on your way pursue</p> |
|---|--|---|



1. When shall the voice of singing Flow joyfully a - long? When hill and valley, ringing With one triumphant song,  
2. Then from the craggy mountains The sacred shout shall fly; And shady vales and fountains Shall echo the re-ply.



Proclaim the con - test end-ed, And him who once was slain, A - gain to earth descended, In righteousness to reign?  
High tower and low - ly dwelling Shall send the cho-rus round, All hal-te - lu-jah swelling In one e - ter-nal sound!



### 202 Temperance Hymn.

- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| <p>1. How long shall virtue languish,<br/>How long shall folly reign,<br/>While many a heart with anguish<br/>Is weeping o'er the plain?<br/>How long shall dissipation<br/>Her deadly waters pour<br/>Throughout this favored nation<br/>Her millions to devour?</p> | <p>2. When shall the veil of blindness<br/>Fall from the shrine of wealth,<br/>Restoring human kindness,<br/>And industry, and health?<br/>When shall the charms so luring<br/>Of bad example cease,<br/>The end at once securing<br/>Of temperance and peace?</p> | <p>3. We hail with joy unceasing<br/>The band whose pledge is given,<br/>Whose numbers are increasing<br/>Amid the smiles of heaven.<br/>Their virtues, never failing,<br/>Shall lead to brighter days,<br/>Where holiness, prevailing,<br/>Shall fill the earth with praise</p> |
|---|--|--|

Not too fast.

1. Re - mem - ber thy cre - a - tor, While youth's fair spring is bright, Be - fore thy cares are greater, Before comes age's night,

While yet the sun shines o'er thee, While stars the darkness cheer; While life is all be - fore thee, Thy great Cre - a - tor fear.

2

Remember thy Creator,  
 Before the dust returns  
 To earth—for 'tis its nature—  
 And life's last ember burns;  
 Before the God who gave it,  
 Thy spirit shall appear;  
 He cries, who died to save it,  
 'Thy great Creator fear.'

1

**204 Drawing near to God.**  
 To thee my God and Savior,  
 My heart exalting sings,  
 Rejoicing in thy favor,  
 Almighty King of kings;  
 I'll celebrate thy glory,  
 With all thy saints above,  
 And tell the joyful story,  
 Of thy redeeming love.

2

Soon as the morn with roses,  
 Bedecks the dewy east,  
 And when the sun reposes,  
 Upon the ocean's breast,  
 My voice in supplication,  
 Well pleased thou shalt hear,  
 Oh grant me thy salvation,  
 And to my soul draw near



Musical notation for the first two parts of the hymn. The first part is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The second part is in C major (no flats) and 4/4 time.

1. Let us sing with joyful strain, God delights to hear; Let his praises ring again, God, our God is here!

2. All I think, and do, and say To my God is known; He beholds me all the day, From his heav'nly throne.

3 Oh! 'tis easy to be good,  
When our God is near;  
Sinful pleasures we despise—  
For our God is here.

4 Night may come, and twinkling stars  
Deck heaven's canopy—  
There's an eye that never sleeps!  
God can always see.

5 Peace, and health, and every joy  
Meet us far and near;  
'Tis our God who gives us all,  
God is ever here.

206 What children love. **THE SABBATH SCHOOL A HAPPY PLACE. P. M.** 7s & 5

Musical notation for the first two parts of the hymn. The first part is in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The second part is in C major (no sharps or flats) and 4/4 time.

1. Where do children love to go, When the wintry tempests blow; What is it attracts them so? 'Tis the Sabbath School.

2 Where do children love to be,  
When the summer birds we see,  
Warbling praise on every tree?  
In the Sabbath School.

3 When the Sabbath morning breaks,  
Every eye from slumber wakes—  
What so happy children makes?  
'Tis the Sabbath School.

4 Where do pious teachers stay—  
From their peaceful homes away,  
On the precious Sabbath day?  
In the Sabbath School.

5 Where are we so kindly taught,  
God should rule in every thought;  
What the blood of Christ has bought?  
In the Sabbath School.

6 May we ever love this day  
More than all our sports and play,  
Love to read, and sing, and pray—  
In the Sabbath School.

Allegro.

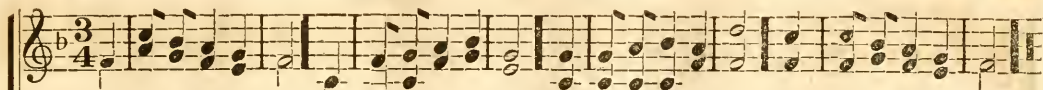
1. Oh, swift - ly flows . . the stream, Its wa - ters will not stay, Its waters will not  
 2. The laugh - ing rip - - - ples flash, With many a silvery ray; With many a silvery

stay; They slide like plea - sure's dream, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, They  
 ray; But light as air they dash; A - way, &c.

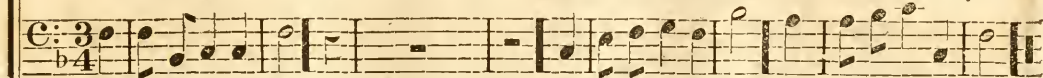
slide like pleas - ure's dream, away, a - way, a - way, a - way.

2  
 The eddies clear as glass,  
 Like lingering shadows play,  
 But soon like shadows pass,  
 Away, away, away.

3  
 But other waves as bright,  
 Along their banks will stray;  
 Then let them speed their flight  
 Away, away, away.



1. Once more before we part, Bless the Re-deem-er's name; Let ev'ry tongue and heart, Praise and a-dore the same.  
 2. Lord in thy name we come, Thy blessing now im-part; We met in Je-sus' name, In Je-sus' name we part.



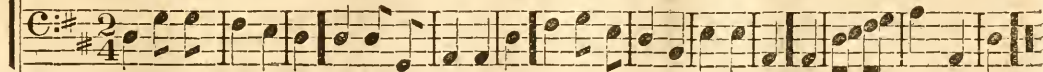
3. While on thy ho-ly word, We'll live, and feed, and grow; Go on to know the Lord, And practise what we know.

## 209 The service of God delightful.

## HAYDN. 6s.



1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glorious name to sing, To praise and pray, to hear thy word, And grateful offerings bring.



2

Sweet—at the dawning light,  
 Thy boundless love to tell;  
 And when approach the shades of night,  
 Still on the theme to dwell.

3

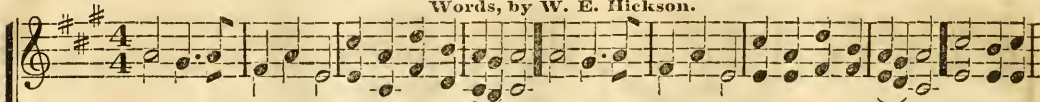
Sweet—on this day of rest,  
 To join in heart and voice,  
 With those, who love and serve thee best,  
 And in thy name rejoice.

4

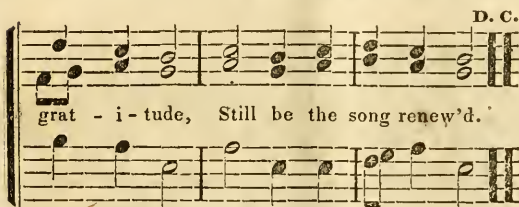
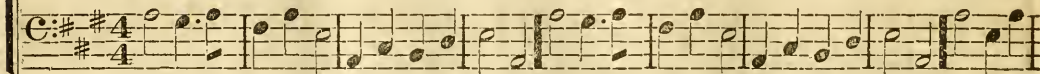
The songs of praise and joy,  
 Be every Sabbath given,  
 That such may be our blest employ  
 Eternally in heaven.

86 210 Praise God now and forever. **HALLELUJAH AMEN.** 6s. *A Spanish Chant.*

Words, by W. E. Hickson.



1. { Join now in praise, and sing Halle-lu-jah, A-men! Praise to our heavenly King, Halle-lu-jah, A-men! By love and  
 { And be our hearts subdued, Halle-lu-jah, A-men!



2 Praise to the Lord most high,  
 Hallelujah, Amen!  
 Let every tongue reply,  
 Hallelujah, Amen!  
 Our Father and our Friend,  
 On thee our hopes depend;  
 Thy love will never end:  
 Hallelujah, Amen!

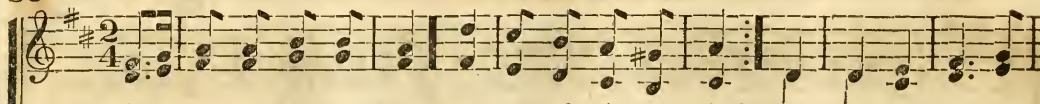
D. C. 3 Sing both with heart and voice,  
 Hallelujah, Amen!  
 Sing, and in God rejoice,  
 Hallelujah, Amen!  
 O Lord, each day we prove  
 Some token of thy love;  
 In thee we live and move:  
 Hallelujah, Amen!

4 Praise yet the Lord again,  
 Hallelujah, Amen!  
 Life shall not end the strain,  
 Hallelujah, Amen!  
 For when this life is o'er,  
 This dust thou wilt restore,  
 Thy goodness to adore;  
 Hallelujah, Amen!

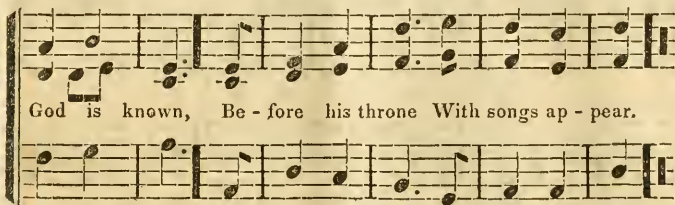
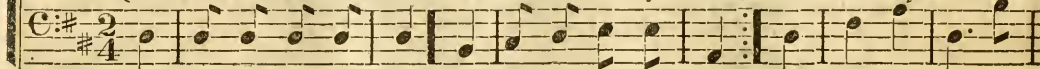
1 What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame? Is it death? Is it death? } If this be death, I  
 That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame, Is it death? Is it death? } There's not a cloud that  
 2 Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep not for me, All is well, All is well. }  
 My sins are par-doned, par-doned, I am free. All is well, All is well. }

soon shall be From ev'ry pain and sor-row free, I shall the King of glo-ry see. All is well, All is well.  
 doth a - rise, To hide my Sav-ior from my eyes, I soon shall mount the upper skies. All is well, All is well.

- 3 Hark, hark, my Lord and Master calls with All is well, all is well.  
 I soon shall see, shall see his heavenly face. [grace, I'll praise, will praise, my Savior, and my King, I've come to join, to join your rapturous song,  
 All is well, all is well. All is well, all is well. Saved by grace, saved by grace.  
 Farewell, dear friends, adieu ! Bright angels are from glory come. All, all is peace and joy divine,  
 I can no longer stay with you, They're round my bed, they're in my room, All heaven and glory now are mine ;  
 My glittering crown appears in view, They wait to wait my spirit home. O, hallelujah to the Lamb.  
 All is well, all is well. All is well, all is well. All is well, all is well.



1. { In Zi - on's sac - red gates, Let hymns of praise be - gin; }  
 { There acts of faith and love In ceaseless beau - ty shine; } In mer - cy there Where

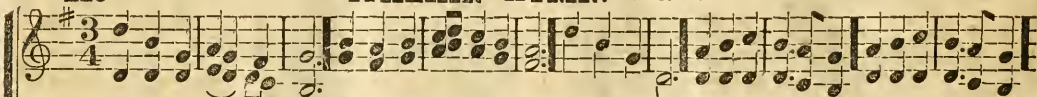


God is known, Be - fore his throne With songs ap - pear.

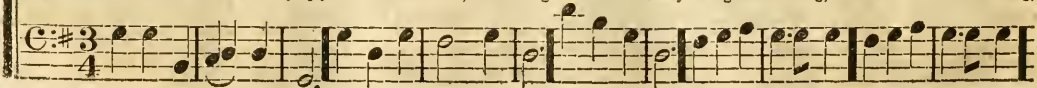
2 In heavenly courts above  
 Ye angels lift your voice;  
 Let golden harps resound,  
 Let happy saints rejoice.  
 The glories sing,  
 That ever shine  
 With pomp divine  
 Around your King.

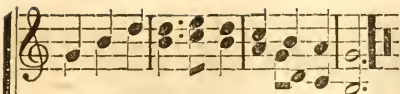
## 215

## ITALIAN HYMN. 6s &amp; 4s.



1. Come, all ye saints of God! Wide thro' the earth abroad, Spread Jesus' fame: Tell what his love has done; Trust in his name alone,  
 2. Hence, gloomy doubts and fears! Dry up your mournful tears; Swell the glad theme: Praise ye our gracious King, Strike each melodious string;





Shout to his lofty throne, 'Worthy the Lamb!  
Join heart and voice to sing, 'Worthy the Lamb!

3 Hark—how the choirs above,  
Fill'd with the Savior's love,  
Dwell on his name!—  
There, too, may we be found,  
With light and glory crowned,  
While all the heavens resound,  
'Worthy the Lamb!

**216 Self-consecration.**

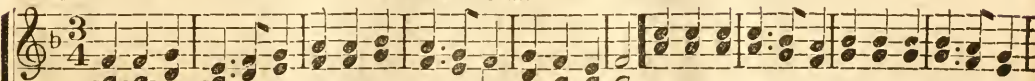
1 My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary;  
Savior divine!

Now hear me while I pray;  
Take all my guilt away;  
Oh! let me from this day  
Be wholly thine.

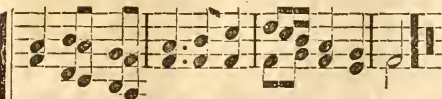
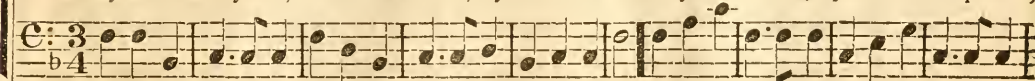
2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire,  
As thou hast died for me,  
Oh! may I live to thee,  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

**217 Fourth of July.**

**AMERICA.** 6s & 4s.



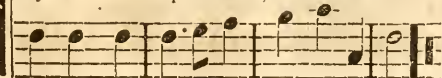
1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty—Of thee I sing: Land, where my fathers died; Land of the pilgrim's pride;  
2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and temple'd hills;



From ev - ry mountain's side, Let freedom ring.  
My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

3  
Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

4  
Our father's God! to thee—  
Author of Liberty!  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright,  
With freedom's holy light—  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King!



**Trio.** **CHORUS.**

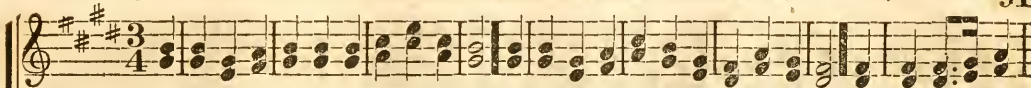
1. There is a hap-py land, Far far a - - way, Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day.
2. Come to this hap-py land, Come, come a - - way; Why will ye doubting stand, Why still de - lay?
3. Bright in that hap-py land, Beams ev - ery eye. Kept by a fath-er's hand, Love can - not die.

Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, Wor-thy our Sa - vior, King; Loud let his prais-es ring—Praise, praise for aye.  
 Oh, we shall hap - py be, From sin and sor - row free! Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye.  
 On then to glo - ry run; A crown and king - dom won; And bright a - bove the sun Reign, reign for aye.

**NOTE.** "One of the many interesting incidents of a short visit to Edinburg, occurred in a school of five or six hundred, divided into three departments, the eldest of which was instructed scientifically in Music. It will not be to my present purpose to describe the school. Suffice it to say, that the teacher was a rare specimen of what the bearer of such an office should be. As a title of evidence to this point, I copy for your columns, the following beautiful hymn, composed by him for his school, and distributed among them. It was sung by the whole school with indescribable effect."

Come Christians and friends of the young, aid us in this important duty, of teaching all the Sabbath school children appropriate music.—ED. MU. V.

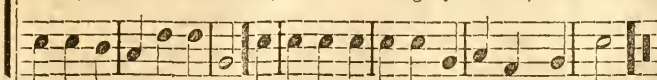




1. Our Fa-ther in heav-en, We hallow thy name! May thy kingdom holy On-earth, be the same! O give to us  
2. Forgive our transgressions, And teach us to know, That humble compassion Which pardons each foe. Keep us from temp-

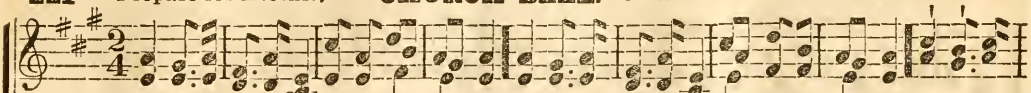


dai-ly Our por-tion of bread, It is from thy bounty That all must be fed.  
ta-tion, From weakness and sin, And thine be the glory Forev-er, A - men.

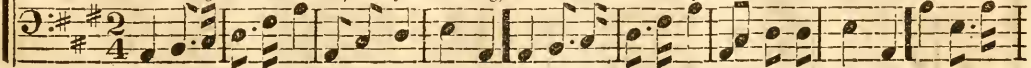


## 220 Millennial Glory.

1. A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill,  
The Lord is advancing—prepare ye the way ;  
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil.  
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.  
2 Bring down the proud mountain, tho' towering  
And be the low valley exalted on high ; [to heav'n,  
The rough path and crooked, be made smooth and  
For Zion, your King, your Redeemer is nigh, even,  
3 The beams of salvation his progress illumine,  
The lone dreary wilderness sings of her God,  
The rose and the myrtle shall suddenly bloom,  
And the olive of peace spread its branches abroad.



1. Far, far o'er hill and dell On the winds steal-ing, List to the toll-ing bell Mourn-ful-ly peal-ing. Hark, hark, it  
2. Now through the charmed air, Slowly as-cend - ing, List to the mourner's prayer, Solemnly bend-ing ; Hark, hark, it



seems to say, As melt those sounds away; So earth's best joys decay, Whilst now their feeling.  
seems to say, Turn from those joys away, To those which ne'er decay, For life is end-ing.

3  
O'er a father's dismal tomb,  
See the orphan bending,  
From the solemn church yard's gloom  
Hear the dirge ascending,  
Hark! hark! it seems to say,  
How short ambition's sway,  
Life's joys and friendship's ray  
In the dark grave ending.

## 222

## SWEET SPRING. 6s and 5s.

H. W. DAY.

*Not too fast.*

1. Sweet spring is re-turn-ing, She breathes on the plain, The meadows are bloom-ing In beau-ty a-gain;  
And fair is the flow-er And green is the grove, And soft is the show-er, That falls from a-bove.

**SWEET SPRING. (VERSES.)**

2. Ful. gladly we greet thee,  
 Thou loveliest guest;  
 Quite long have we waited,  
 By thee to be blest.  
 Stern winter threw o'er us,  
 His heavy, cold chain;  
 We long to be breathing  
 In freedom again.

3. When'er in the fields then,  
 The fragrance of May,  
 All gladly inhaling,  
 Or, sporting we play;  
 The goodness of Him,  
 Who the fields and the grove  
 Has clothed in their beauty,  
 Adoring we love.

4. The Sabbath—all days of  
 The week, we love best;  
 The day of the Lord, which  
 He truly has blest;  
 To hear our good teachers  
 Instruct us, and pray,  
 Delights us far more, than  
 The best of our play;

**223 Parting to meet in Heaven. WHEN SHALL WE MEET. 6s & 5s. P. M.**

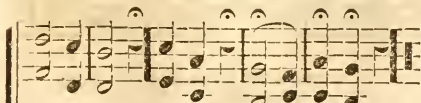
Trio.

CHORUS.

*Sing in exact time.*



1. When shall we meet a-gain? Meet ne'er to sev - er?  
 When will peace wreath her chain Round us for ev-er? Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark



vale of woes, Nev-er, no nev-er.

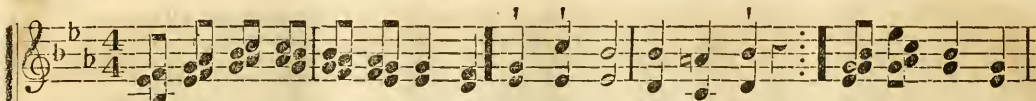


2. When shall love freely flow,  
 Pure as life's river?  
 When shall sweet friendship glow  
 Changeless 'for ever?  
 Where joys celestial thrill,  
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,  
 And fears of parting chill,  
 Never, no, never.

Where kindred spirits dwell,  
 There may our music swell,  
 And time our joys dispel,  
 Never, no never.

3. Up to that world of light,  
 Take us, dear Savior;  
 May we all there unite,  
 Happy for ever;

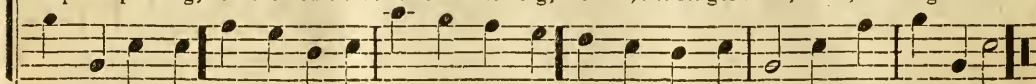
4. Soon shall we meet again,  
 Meet ne'er to sever;  
 Soon will peace wreath her chain,  
 Round us for ever;  
 Our hearts will then repose,  
 Safe from all worldly woes;  
 Our days of praise shall close,  
 Never, no never.



1. { Hark! the deep-ton'd bell is calling! "Come! oh come! come! oh come!" }  
 { Wea - ry ones—where'er you wander, "Hith-er, come! Hither, come!" } Loud-er now and



deep-er peal-ing, On the heart that voice is stealing, "Come, nor longer roam, come, nor longer roam."



2 Now again its tones are pealing,  
 "Come! Oh come!"  
 In the sacred temple kneeling,  
 "Seek thy home!"  
 Come, and round the altar bending,  
 Love the place where God, descending,  
 Calls the spirit home.

3 Still the echoed voice is ringing,  
 "Come! Oh come!"  
 Every heart pure incense bringing,  
 "Hither, come!"  
 Father, round thy footstool bending,  
 May our souls, to heaven ascending,  
 Find in thee their home.

4 Friends and neighbors, now is flying  
 Time away,  
 Come, on Jesus' arm relying,  
 Come to-day,  
 Find in him exhaustless treasure,  
 Love and mercy without measure,  
 Come without delay.

1. Hark ! how the gos - pel trumpet sounds, Thro' all the world the ech - o bounds, And

Je - sus, by re - deem - ing blood, Is bringing sinners back to God : And guides them safely by his word To end - less day.

2  
Hail ! all-victorious, conqu'ring Lord !  
Be thou by all thy works ador'd,  
Who undertook for sinful men,  
And brought salvation through thy name,  
That we with thee may ever reign  
In endless day.

3  
Flight on, ye conqu'ring souls, fight on !  
And when the conquest you have won,  
Then palms of victory you shall bear,  
And in his kingdom have a share ;  
And crowns of glory ever wear  
In endless day.

4  
There we shall in full chorus join,  
With saints and angels all combine,  
To sing of his redeeming love,  
When rolling years shall cease to move,  
And this shall be our theme above  
In endless day.

96 226 Close of Anniversary. **ERE WE PART.** 5s & 4s.

*Sing and feel.*

1. Sa - vior ere we part, Thy blessing give; Breathe up - on each heart, Sweet peace, sweet peace and love;

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

2 As we onward tread,  
Life's stormy way,  
Round our footsteps shed,  
A heaven, a heavenly ray.

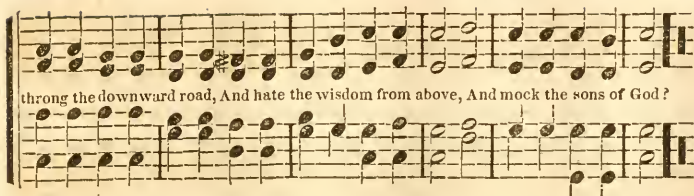
3 When our days are past,  
In usefulness;  
May we meet at last,  
In ho-, in holiness.

4 Holy three divine  
Jehovah one,  
Let thine ear incline,  
Our prayer, our prayer to own.

227 Sinners led astray. **HAILING MORN.** Six 6s & two 8s.

1. Ye simple souls, that stray Far from the path of peace, }  
That un-fre-quent-ed way To life and hap-pi-ness. } How long will ye your fol - ly love, And

The musical score consists of two staves. Both staves are in 4/4 time. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The melody is on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



3  
 Poor pensive sojourners,  
 O'erwhelm'd with grief and woes,  
 Perplex'd with needless fears,  
 And pleasure's mortal foes ;  
 More irksome than a gaping tomb  
 Our sight ye cannot bear,  
 Wrapt in the melancholy gloom  
 Of fanciful despair.

4  
 So wretched and obscure,  
 The men whom ye despise,  
 So foolish, weak, and poor,  
 Above your scorn we rise ;  
 Our conscience in the Holy Ghost,  
 Can witness better things ;  
 For He whose blood is all our boast,  
 Hath made us priests and kings.

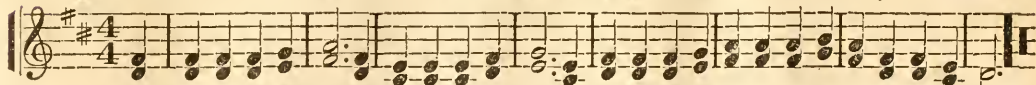
2  
 Madness and misery,  
 Ye count our lives beneath,  
 And nothing great can see,  
 Or glorious in our death :  
 As born to suffer and to grieve,  
 Beneath your feet we lie ;  
 And utterly contemn'd we live,  
 And unlamented die.

5  
 Riches unsearchable,  
 In Jesus' love we know,  
 And pleasures from the well  
 Of life our souls o'erflow ;  
 From him the Spirit we receive,  
 Of wisdom, grace, and power,  
 And always sorrowful we live,  
 Rejoicing evermore.

228 Turning to God indeed.

REPENTANCE. 6s, 8 & 6.

Infant School.



1. If Jesus Christ was sent, To save us from our sin, And kind-ly teach us to repent, We should at once be - gin.  
 2. He says he loves to see A bro-ken hearted one ; He loves that sinners, such as we, Should mourn for what we've done.  
 3. 'Tis not enough to say, ' We're sorry, and re-pent,' Yet still go on from day to day, Just as we always went.

4 Repentance is, to leave  
 The sins we loved before,  
 And show that we in earnest grieve.  
 By doing so no more.

5 Lord make us thus sincere,  
 To watch as well as pray ;  
 However small, however deep,  
 Take all our sins away.

6 And since the Savior came  
 To make us turn from sin,  
 With holy grief and humble shame  
 We would at once begin.

1. A - gain the day re-turms of ho-ly rest, Which, when he made the world, Je-hovah blest ; When, like his own, he bade our

labors cease, And all be pi - e - ty—and all be peace.

2  
Let us devote this consecrated day,  
To learn his will, and all we learn obey ;  
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise  
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.

3  
Father of heaven ! in whom our hopes confide,  
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide ;  
In life our guardian—and in death our friend ;  
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

## 230 The tuneless Harp.

1

Along the banks where Babel's current flows,  
Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd,  
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,  
Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

2

The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,  
When praise employ'd and mirth inspir'd the lay  
In mournful silence, on the willows hung,  
And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.



1. Hail hap-py day! thou day of ho-ly rest, What heav'ly peace and trans-port fill our breast! When Christ, the God of grace, in love de-scends, And kind-ly holds com-mun-ion with his friends.

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,  
Move from my sight and leave my soul  
alone;  
Its fading, flattering glories I despise,  
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

## 232 Birth of the Savior.

## STAR IN THE EAST. 11s &amp; 10s.

1. { Hail, thou blest morn! see the great Me-di-a-tor Down from the regions of glo-ry descend; }  
{ Shepherds, go wor-ship the babe in the man-ger; Lo! for his guard the bright an-gels at-tend. }  
Star in the east, the ho-ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our infant Re-deem-er was laid.

*Children and Choir.*D. C. *100.*

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid: Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le -

lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men, A - men.

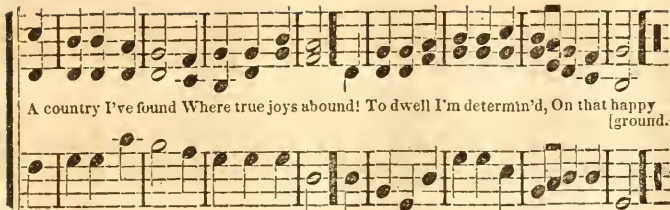
*dim.*

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;  
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
 Wise men and shepherds before him do fall,  
 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid.
- 3 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;  
 Vainly with gold would his favor secure;  
 Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor,  
 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid.

233

DANBY. 10s &amp; 11.

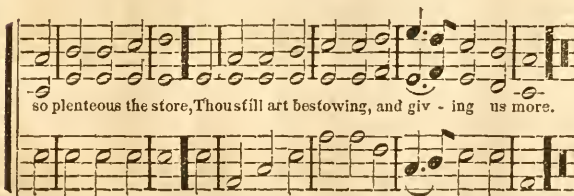
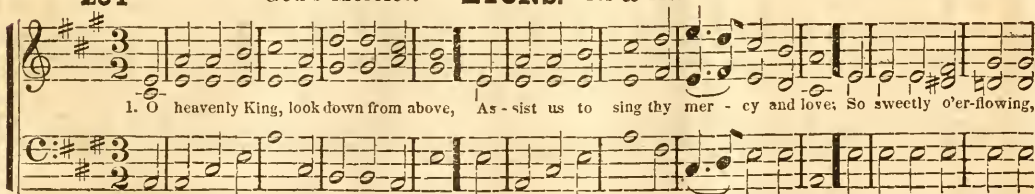
1. O tell me no more Of the world's vain store, The time for such trifles With me now is o'er.



- 2 The souls that believe, In paradise live,  
And me in that number, Will Jesus receive.  
No mortal doth know What he can bestow, [go;  
What light, strength and comfort, Go after him,
- 3 So this is the race, I'm running thro' grace,  
Henceforth, till admitted To see my Lord's face,  
But this I do find, We two are so joined,  
He'll not live in glory And leave me behind.
- 4 Great spoils I shall win, From death, hell and sin  
Midst outward afflictions Shall feel Christ with-  
And when I'm to die, Receive me I'll cry, [in;  
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

234

God's Mercies. LYONS. 10s & 11s.



- 2 O God of our life, we hallow thy name!  
Our business and strife, is thee to proclaim:  
Accept our thanksgiving for creating grace!  
The living, the living shall show forth thy praise.

**235 Doxology.**

- 1 Our Father and Lord, Almighty art thou;  
Preserved by thy word, we worship thee now,  
The bountiful donor of all we enjoy;  
Our tongues to thy honor, and lives we employ.

102 236 Love and praise the Lord. SONGS OF REJOICING. 10s, 11s & 12s.

*Sing in a tripping style.*

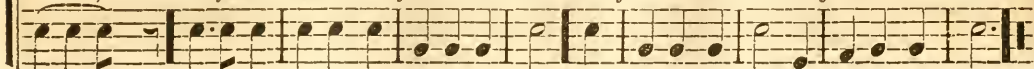
1. Songs of re - joic-ing con-spi-ring to raise, . . . Swell with your voices the chorus of praise; Sing and re -  
 2. Praise to Je - ho-vah! his name be a - dor'd; Praise your Cre-ator! re - joice in the Lord! Great is His

joice, and approach with thanksgiving The throne that thro' a - ges e - ter-nal hath stood; For he who made earth, and gave  
 power, for the Lord is Al - mighty; But greater his goodness, which gives life its worth; For goodness it was plann'd the

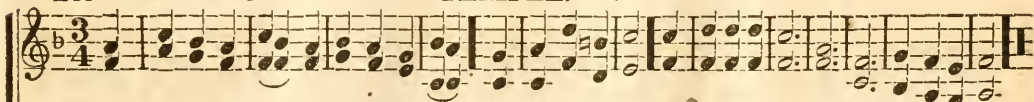
life to all liv-ing; Our Father Al - migh - ty, the Lord he is good, Songs of re - joic - ing con - spiring to  
 work of cre - ation, And love to our Ma - ker, that love should call forth, Praise to Je - ho - vah! his name be a -



raise, . Swell with your voices the chorus of praise, The chorus of praise, The chorus of praise.  
 - dor'd; Praise your Cre - ator! Re - joice in the Lord! Re - joice in the Lord! Re - joice in the Lord.



237 Commencing a New Year. **TEMPLE.** 10, 5 & 11.



1. Come, let us a - new, our journey pur - sue, With vigor a - rise, And press to our per - ma - nent place in the skies.  
 2. Of heavenly birth, tho' wand'ring on earth, This is not our place, But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.



3	5	7
At Jesus's call, we gave up our all; And still we forego, For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.	A country of joy, quite free from alloy, We thither repair; Our hearts and our treasure already are there.	The rougher our way, the shorter our stay; The tempests that rise Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.
4	6	8
No longing we find for the country behind; But onward we move, And still we are seeking a country above.	We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land; No matter what cheer We meet with on earth; for eternity's near!	The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past; The troubles that come, Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

104 238 Longing desires for Heaven. **HEAVENLY HILLS.** 10, 5s & 11s. (DOUBLE.)

1. Come, let us a - new, our journey pursue, With vigor a-rise, And press to our per - ma - nent place in the skies.

Of heav - en - ly birth, tho' wand'ring on earth, This is not our place, But strangers and pil - grims our - selves we con - fess.

2  
 At Jesus' call we gave up our all;  
 And still we forego,  
 For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.  
 No longing we find for the country behind;  
 But onward we move,  
 And still we are seeking a country above.

3  
 A country of joy, quite free from alloy,  
 We thither repair;  
 Our hearts and our treasure already are there,  
 We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;  
 No matter what cheer  
 We meet with on earth; for eternity's here.

4  
 The rougher our way, the shorter our stay;  
 The tempests that rise  
 Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.  
 The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;  
 The troubles that come,  
 Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

1. Come, children of Zi-on and help us to sing Loud an-thems of praise to our Sa - vior and King ; Whose life once was

2. In regions of darkness, and sorrow, and pains,  
We all lay in ruin, in prison, and chains,  
But Jesus has bought us with his precious blood,  
The ransom provided to bring us to God.

3. O come to the Savior, and take up the cross,  
Seek treasure in heaven, count all else but loss ;  
His mercy invites us, then let us comply—  
O why should we linger, when he is so nigh.

4. We'll fear not the dangers that lie in our way,  
His arm will protect us by night and by day ;  
All this we must suffer, and patiently bear,  
Till Jesus shall take us where sufferings are o'er.

giv - en our souls to re-deem, And bring us to heaven to reign there with him.

### 240 DARK NIGHT AWAY HATH ROLL'D. two 6s. 8 & 6. For the Infant School.

1. Dark night away hath roll'd, Glad birds are soar-ing high, And see a ray like daz-zling gold Comes darting from the

sky, Comes dart-ing from the sky.

2. How shall I thank the power,  
Whose hand sustains me so,  
And o'er each waking plant and flower,  
Bids dews of mercy flow ?

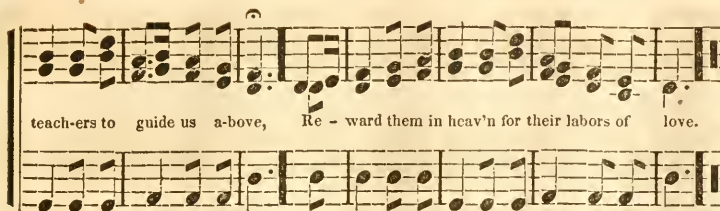
3. Teach me to look above ;  
Receive my morning prayer,  
And, Father! in thy boundless love,  
Make me this day thy care

1. I would not live al-way, I ask not to stay Where storm af-ter storm ri - ses o'er the dark way ; The few lu-cid

2. I would not live alway ; no, welcome the tomb,  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom ;  
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies  
3. Who, who would live alway away from his God,  
Away from you heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

Scholars. 1 Our Fa-ther in heaven, tho' fee-ble our lays, We raise them with grateful e-mo-tions of praise. For pa-trons and



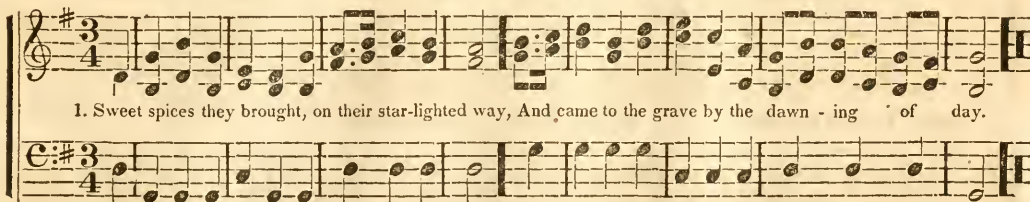


*Teachers.*

2 Our Father in heaven, thy blessing we  
crave,  
On all our endeavors these children to save;  
O make us more faithful, more prayerful,  
more wise,  
To win them to Jesus, who dwells in the  
skies.

*Chorus.* 3 With voices united, thy  
mercies we sing,  
Proclaiming all glory to Jesus our King,  
And when life is ended receive us in love,  
To sing Hallelujahs with angels above.

243 Scene at the Sepulchre. **BRIGHT MORNING.** 11s. two lines.



2  
' But who will the stone from the sepulchre roll ?'  
They said, as the tear from their weeping eyes, stole.

3  
The stone is removed, and the Savior is gone—  
Oh hail, ye disciples, this bright Sabbath morn.

4  
May Christ now appear, as to Mary he came,  
And fill every bosom with piety's flame.

5  
Then heaven's bright glories we soon shall obtain:  
Nor Sabbath's, so peaceful, be useless and vain.

1. In a song of sweet praise, To our Savior we raise, Better trib - ute than sil - ver and gold, 'Tis our hearts Lord we

give, May we ev - er - more live, To thy hon - or and glo - ry be - low.

2 [skies,  
And be parted in body no more! [choirs,  
We shall sing to our lyres, With the heavenly  
And our Savior in glory adore.

3 Hallelujah we sing, To our Father and King,  
And his rapturous praises repeat ;  
To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again,  
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

## 245 Infant School.

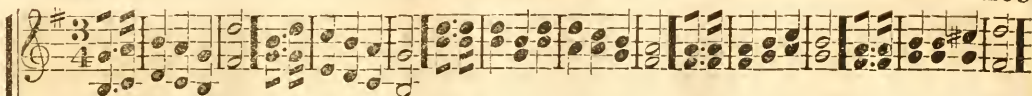
## THE WORLDS ABOVE. 8s &amp; 6s.

1. The moon is ver - y fair and bright, And rises ver - y high; I think it is a pret - ty sight, To see it in the  
2. The stars are ver - y pret - ty too, And scattered all a - bout; At first they seem a ver - y few, But soon the rest come

3 The sun is brighter still than they, he blazes in the skies,  
I dare not turn my face that way, unless I shut my eyes;  
Yet when he shines, our hearts revive,  
And all the trees rejoice and thrive.

4 God is more glorious than the sun, and all the stars of light,  
He made and keeps them every one, by his own pow'r & might,  
And when we end our mortal race,  
The pure in heart shall see his face.

sky; It shone upon me where I lay, And seemed almost as bright as day.  
out, I'm sure I could not count them all, They are so very bright and small.



1. Come away to the skies, My be-lov-ed a - rise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born: On this festival day, Come exulting away,  
2. We have laid up our love, And our treasure above, Tho' our bodies continue below: The redeem'd of our Lord, We remember his word,



And with singing to Si-on re-turn, And with singing to Si-on re-turn.  
And with singing to Par-a-dise go, And with singing to Par-a-dise go.



3 With singing we praise, The original grace,  
By our heavenly Father bestow'd;  
Our being receive From his bounty and live  
To the honor and glory of God.

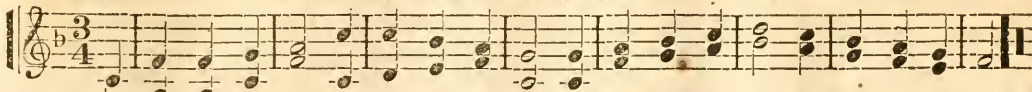
4 For thy glory we are Created to share  
Both the nature and kingdom divine:  
Created again, That our souls may remain  
In time and eternity thine. [love

5 With thanks we approve 'The design of that  
Which hath join'd us in Jesus' name;  
So united in heart That we never can part,  
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

## 247

## OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

L. MASON.



Our Fa-ther in heaven, Thy name be a-dor'd, Thy Kingdom rule o'er The nations abroad.

2 On earth may thy will,  
As in heaven be done;  
Our daily bread give,  
And cleanse through thy Son.

3 From temptation keep  
From evil and pain,  
For thine is the power,  
Forever, Amen.

I. Though nature's strength decay, And earth and hell withstand, 'To Canaan's bounds I urge my way, At his command; 'The wat'ry

deep I pass, With Je-sus in my view; And thro' the howling wil-der-ness My way pur - sue. We'll sing hal - le-

lu - jah! hal-le - lu-jah! A - men.

2  
The goodly land I see,  
With peace and plenty blest;  
A land of sacred liberty,  
And endless rest.  
There milk and honey flow;  
And oil and wine abound;  
And trees of life forever grow,  
With mercy crown'd.  
We'll sing, &c.

3  
There dwells the Lord our King,  
The Lord our Righteousness,  
Triumphant o'er the world and  
The Prince of Peace; [sin,  
On Sion's sacred height,  
His kingdom still maintains;  
And glorious with his saints in  
Forever reigns. [light  
We'll sing, &c.

1. O Lord, let our songs find accept-ance be - fore thee, And pierce thro' the skies to thine up - per - most

throne; For thou stoopest to lis - ten when mor - tals a - dore thee, And send - est thy blessings, and

sendest thy blessings, And sendest thy blessings like messengers down.

2  
Our Father, our Father, we ask thee to guide us,  
And keep us from sin till life's journey be o'er;  
Then the last sigh of nature, what'er else betide us,  
Shall wait us to glory, when time is no more.

3  
Then, then will we sing the sweet song of the blessed,  
And mingle our strains with the myriads above;  
Far surpassing all strains that our tongues e'er express'd  
And Jesus, the chorus, and Infinite Love.

1. All hail! hap - py day, When en-rob'd in our clay, The Re - deem-er appear'd up - on earth; How  
2. How boundless that love, First be - got - ten a - bove, And through Je-sus to sinners made known! Lift,

can we refrain, For to join the glad strain, And to hail our Im - man - uel's birth!  
lift up your voice, And ex - ult-ing rejoice, For Je - ho-vah to earth is come down!

3 To Christ we will sing,  
As our High Priest and King,  
And our Prophet to teach us the road,  
But more than all this,  
For Almighty he is:  
And we own him our Savior and God.

4 O may the return  
Of this once blessed morn  
Be forever remember'd with joy;  
Sweet accents of praise  
All our voices shall raise;  
Hallelujahs shall be our employ.

### 251 Accepting Christ as all in all.

1 Come away to the skies, My beloved arise, 3  
And rejoice in the day Thou wast born;  
On this festal day, Come exulting away,  
And with singing to Sion return.

With singing we praise, The original grace, 2  
By our heavenly Father bestowed;  
Our being receive From his bounty and live  
To the honor and glory of God.

### 252 Employment of heaven.

2 We have laid up our love, And our treasure 1  
Tho' our bodies continue below; [above,  
The redeem'd of our Lord, We remember his  
And with singing to paradise go. [word,

For thy glory we are, Created to share  
Both the nature and kingdom divine;  
Created again, That our souls may remain  
In time and eternity thine.

With thanks we approve The design of that  
Which hath joined us in Jesus' name; [love  
So united in heart, that we never can part,  
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

3 For now we shall rise to meet Christ in the  
And be parted in body no more! [skies,  
We shall sing to our lyres, With the heavenly  
And our Savior in glory adore. [choirs,

# TUNES AND HYMNS

ADAPTED TO

## FUNERAL OCCASIONS.

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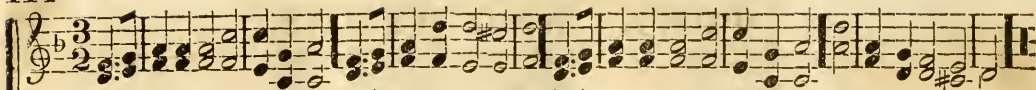
253 For a Funeral Occasion. **WHY THESE SILENT LOOKS.** 8s & 7s. L. MASON.

1 Why these silent looks of sadness? Why so hush'd the sounds of youth? } Weep, who never wept before, For our Sister is no more.  
We were wont in love and gladness, Here to gather ho - ly truth. } Brother

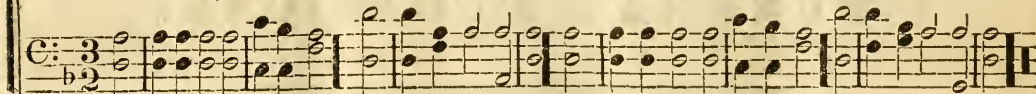
2. Safe we deemed our happy number :  
Death unheeded, 'mongst us came ;  
Breathed upon her face in slumber,  
And dissolved the mortal frame.  
Weep, &c.

3. Lord ! we feel thy power around us !  
Lightly have we thought of death ;  
All the ties to life which bound us,  
Thou could'st loosen with a breath.  
Weep, &c.

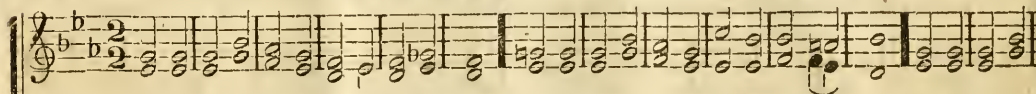
4. She has left us ; let our sorrow  
Soften into trusting love !  
Calm her sunset ; and her morrow  
Brighter dawns in heaven above,  
Banish then all vain regret ;  
She is with us—loves us yet.



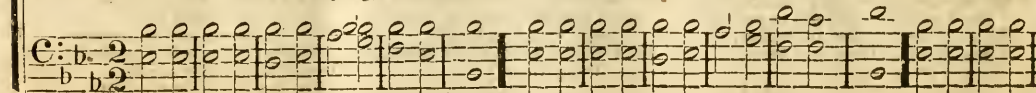
1 Where is the little friend who late Joined in our healthful play? 'Twas yesterday he smiled on us, But he is gone to-day.  
 2 We look around, we see him not, We cannot hear his voice; He does not share as once he did In all our pleasant joys.



3 In God's own house, though con- 4 Death from our bleeding bosom tore 5 Then let us lay our pleasures by,  
 stant once, The sun of our delight— And in our youth prepare  
 His seat is vacant there; To bloom in paradise, and wear To meet our friend beyond the sky;  
 He ne'er will join in songs of praise, A crown of glory bright. Death cannot part us there.  
 Or bow in solemn prayer.



1. Underneath the sod low ly-ing, Dark and drear, Sleepeth one who left in dy-ing, Sor-row here, Yes, they're e-ver





*Slower.*

2

When the summer moon is shining,  
Soft and fair,  
Friends she lov'd in tears are twin-  
ing  
Chaplets there.  
Rest in peace thou gentle spirit,  
Throned above;  
Souls like thine with God inherit,  
Life and love.

256

The loss of Children.

THE PARENTAL SIGH. 7s.

*Smooth and flowing.*

1. Deep re-sound the solemn strain, Bid the breathing notes complain, Say our earthly comforts fled,

Say our dear lov'd ones are dead.

2 Dearest, lovely shades adieu;  
Take the humble tribute due;  
Free'd from tyrants' guilty broils,  
Reap the fruit of all your toils.

3 Sun shall blacken, time expire,  
Nature sink, engulf'd in fire;

Still your mem'ry shall survive,  
In our hearts forever live.

4 High enthron'd in realms of light,  
Quaff the streams of pure delight;  
Join to swell the boundless theme,  
Glory to the Great Supreme.

116

257

For the funeral of a Babe.

ABERNEL.

Six 7s.

*Slow and solemn.*

End.

D. C.

Musical notation for the first piece, featuring a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in C major, 2/2 time. The piece consists of six measures, each containing a pair of chords. The vocal line has a melodic contour that rises and then falls, with a final cadence. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained chords.

{ 1. Mourn not ye, whose babe hath found Purer skies and firmer ground, Flow'rs of bright perennial hue, Free from thorns and fresh with dew,  
 { Founts, that tempests nev-er stir, Gardens without sep-ul-chre.

1 Mourn not ye whose babe hath found Purer skies and firmer ground,  
 Flowers of bright perennial hue,  
 Free from thorns and fresh with dew,  
 Founts, that tempests never stir,  
 Gardens without sepulchre.

2 Mourn not ye, whose babe hath sped,  
 From this region of the dead,  
 Golden lute and glorious land,  
 Where no tempter's subtle art  
 Clouds the brow or wounds the heart.

3 Knowledge in that clime doth grow,  
 Free from weeds of toil and woe,  
 Love undimm'd by sorrow's shades,  
 Joys, which mortals may not share,  
 Mourn not ye, whose babe is there.

258

CALM ON THE BOSOM OF THY GOD.

PICKERING.

*Duet.*

A Dirge, for the funeral of a young person.

Musical notation for the second piece, featuring a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in C major, 2/4 time. The piece consists of eight measures. The vocal line has a simple, plaintive melody. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line and chords.

1. Calm, calm, calm, calm, on the bo-som of thy God, Young spir-it, rest thee now, Ev'n while with us thy

*Instrument.*

**DIRGE. (CONTINUED.)**

117

*Trio.* *Duet.*

footsteps trod, His seal was on thy brow, His seal was on thy brow, Dust to its narrow house be - neath ;

*Vocal.* *Inst.*

Soul to its place on high, They that have seen thy look in death, No more may fear to die, No

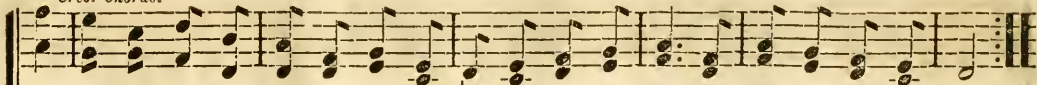
*Chorus.*

*Vocal.*

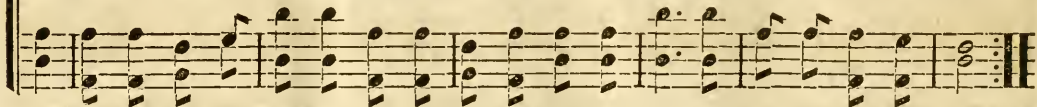
1 2 *Duet.*

more may fear to die, die; Lone are the paths and sad the bow'rs Whence thy meek smile is gone,

*Inn.*



But oh! a brighter home than ours In heav'n is now thine own, In heav'n is now thine own



**259 God, our help. C. M.**

- 1 O God! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.
- 2 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
Are carried downward by the flood,  
And lost in following years.
- 3 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
Then fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
- 4 O God! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
Be thou our guide while life shall last,  
And our perpetual home!

**260 Early Death. 7s.**

- 1 See, the lovely blooming flower  
Fade and wither in an hour;

- So our transient comforts fly,  
Pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 See, the leaves are falling fast,  
Scatter'd by the wintry blast;  
So our youthful pleasures fade,  
Cares will soon our breasts invade.
- 3 Time is passing swift away,  
Earthly joys will soon decay;  
May we have, prepared on high,  
Pleasures that will never die.

**261 The Tombs. C. M.**

- Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound,  
Mine ears attend the cry:  
'Ye living men, come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 'Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of all your towers;  
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,  
Shall lie as low as ours.'
- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom!  
And are we still secure!

- Still walking downward to the tomb,  
And yet prepared no more!

- 4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning  
To fit our souls to fly; [grace,  
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
We'll rise above the sky

**262 Asleep in Jesus. C. M.**

- 1 Why do we mourn for dying friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.
- 3 The graves of all his saints he blest,  
And softened every bed:  
Where should the dying members  
But with their dying Head. [rest,

**263 Time. 7s & 6s.**

1 Time is winging us away  
To our eternal home;  
Life is but a winter's day—  
A journey to the tomb:  
Youth and vigor soon will flee,  
Blooming beauty lose its charms;  
All that's mortal soon shall be  
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away  
To our eternal home;  
Life is but a winter's day—  
A journey to the tomb.  
But the Christian shall enjoy  
Health and beauty, soon, above,  
Far beyond the world's alloy,  
Secure in Jesus' love.

**264 The fading Lily. 6 & 8.**

1 The lilies of the field,  
That quickly fade away,  
May well to us a lesson yield,  
Who die as soon as they.

2 Then let us think on death,  
Though we are young and gay;  
For God, who gave us life and breath,  
Can take them both away.

**265 The Righteous Dead. 8s & 7.**

1 Think, O ye who fondly languish,  
O'er the grave of those you love,  
While your bosoms throb with anguish,  
They are warbling hymns above.

2 While your silent steps are straying  
Lonely thro' night's deep'ning shade,  
Glory's brightest beams are playing  
Round the happy christian's head,

3 Light and peace at once deriving;

From the hand of God most high  
In his glorious presence living,  
They shall never, never die.

4 Cease, then, mourner, cease to languish,  
O'er the grave of those you love:  
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,  
Enter not the world above.

**266 Christian. L. M.**

1 Behold the western evening light!  
It melts in deep'ning gloom;  
So calmly Christians sink away,  
Descending to the tomb.  
The winds breathe low, the with'ring leaf  
Scarce whispers from the tree;  
So gently flows the parting breath,  
When good men cease to be.

2 How beautiful on all the hills  
The crimson light is shed!  
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives  
To mourners round his bed.  
How mildly on the wand'ring cloud  
The sunset beam is cast!  
'Tis like the mem'ry left behind  
When lov'd ones breathe their last.

3 And now above the dews of night,  
The yellow star appears;  
So faith springs in the breast of those  
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.  
But soon the morning's happy light,  
Its glory shall restore;  
And eyelids that are sealed in death,  
Shall wake to close no more.

**267 The Orphan's Friend. 7s.**

1 Whither but to thee, O Lord!  
Shall a little orphan go?

Thou alone canst speak the word—  
Thou canst dry my tears of wo.

Father, may my lips once more  
Whisper that beloved name?  
Helpless, guilty, friendless, poor,  
Let me thy protection claim.

2 O, my Father! may I tell  
All my wants and woes to thee?  
Every want thou knowest well,  
Every wo thine eye can see.  
'Twas thy hand that took away  
Father, mother, from my sight;  
Him, that was my infant stay—  
Her, that watched me day and night.

3 Yet I bless thee, for I know  
Thou hast wounded me in love;  
Wean'd my heart from things below,  
That it might aspire above.  
Here I tarry for awhile;  
Savior! keep me near thy side:  
Cheer my journey with thy smile:  
Be my Father, Friend, and Guide.

**268 Death Near. C. M.**

1 The grass and flowers which clothe the  
And look so green and gay, [field,  
Touch'd by the scythe, defenceless, yield,  
And fall and fade away.

2 Fit emblem of our mortal state;  
That in the scripture glass,  
The young, the strong, the wise, the great,  
May see themselves but grass.

3 Ah! trust not to your fleeting breath,  
Nor call your time your own;  
Around you, see! the scythe of death  
Is mowing thousands down.

A  
 VARIETY OF  
**TUNES AND HYMNS,**  
 ADAPTED TO  
**COLD WATER CELEBRATIONS AND TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.**

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**269**      **WILL YOU COME TO THE SPRING.**    12s. P. M.    *Accent on the second.*

**DUET.**



1. Will you come to the spring that is sparkling and light Where the birds car-ol sweetly, the sun-set is bright?  
 2. There the cup runneth o'er with the pur-est of drinks, And as sweet as the flowers that bend from the brinks,



WILL YOU COME TO THE SPRING. (CONTINUED.)

Chorus.



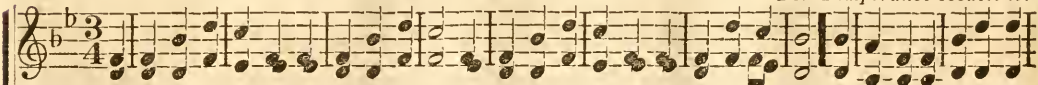
Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring? Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring?  
Will you, will you, &c.

Chorus.



- |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| <p>3 Let it flow lovely stream while it gently im-<br/>parts,<br/>Both the fair glow of beauty and peace to<br/>the heart;<br/>Will you, will you, &amp;c.</p> | <p>4 When the gay flowers droop in the noon<br/>summer's heat,<br/>Or the bright dew descending restores<br/>every sweet;<br/>Will you, will you, &amp;c.</p> | <p>5 With new blessings of life, it forever o'er-<br/>flows,<br/>It refreshes all nature wherever it goes;<br/>Will you, will you, &amp;c.</p> |
|--|---|--|

270 Experience and Resolution. **FAREWELL THE BOWL.** 11s. H. W. DAY.  
*For Temperance occasions.*



1. Farewell to the cup, we have tarried too long Where the juice of the grape adds its witch'ry to song, And the thoughts that flow'd freely  
2. No lon-ger the eye beams with intellect's fires, No longer the tongue fancy's power inspires; But flushed is the brow and de-



## FAREWELL THE BOWL. (CONTINUED.)

are sombre and dull, Our brains become heavy, farewell to the bowl, Farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell the bowl.  
graded the soul, Our minds have departed, farewell to the bowl, Farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell the bowl.

3  
Oh, tarry no longer where joy flies away,  
The heart and the soul lose their richest  
array,  
Where eye mocketh eye, as unmeaning they  
roll,  
The tongue whispers folly—farewell to  
bowl.

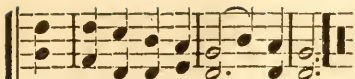
4  
Oh, think if the maiden who smiles in thine eyes  
Once saw thy proud mind in this shameful  
disguise;  
Her heart would reject thee, how sadly  
her soul  
Would pity and leave thee—oh, flee from the  
bowl.

5  
Oh think, ere the moment of thinking is past,  
And chains of the mighty upon thee are  
cast!  
Return—ere the iron shall enter thy soul,  
Thy whole life beside be—a curse on the  
bowl.

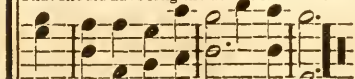
271 The Temperance Cause. AWAY THAT CUP. L. M. *With energy: not too fast.*

1. The Temperance banner wide is spread. And wide its rays o'er thousands shed, Is pressing hard to - ward that goal,  
2. The haunts of vice be - gin to yield, For temperance men have got the shield In which the sword of truth has lain,  
3. That mother's peace which once had fled, With joy re - turns up - on her head; For he was dead, but lives a - gain,





Where ne'er'll be heard, 'give me that bowl,'  
That should have long the de - mon slain.



O yes! he's left the drunkard's train

4 The little babe and sportive child,  
Upon the parent too, have smiled;  
Instead of fleeing from his glance,  
Around him now in peace they dance.

5 Go on! go on ye noble few,  
From whom this great commotion grew,  
For thousands yet there are to save,  
From that dread gloom, a drunkard's grave.

The above lines were written about ten years since by a lady in East Haddam, who was eighty years old, and entirely blind. They have never been published, and are now offered for the columns of the Fountain.

6  
And you who have not signed the pledge,  
Why stand ye back to form a hedge?  
We know you cry, 'we ne'er get drunk,'  
But thus have thousands downward sunk.

7  
A little now—a little then,  
Such is the cry—such has it been,  
'Till drunkards have, by scores sprung up,  
To drink the poison from *that* cup.

8  
Then from you dash the bowl away,  
As ocean sendeth forth her spray;  
And when you thirst, go to the rill  
And from cold water drink your fill.

**272. The deadly bane.**  
1 On Java's rich and fertile ground  
A tree of deadly poison grew,  
Which sent a noxious vapor round,  
And man, and beast, and reptile slew.

2 A poison of a deadlier kind,  
And more the object of our fear,  
Which kills the body and the mind,  
Has spread its influence far and near.

3 This poison casts a deadly gloom  
On all our earthly sweets and joys;  
It sends its thousands to the tomb,  
And every heavenly hope destroys.

4 It severs every social tie  
That binds us to our kindred here,  
And all the Christian graces die  
If once they come within its sphere.

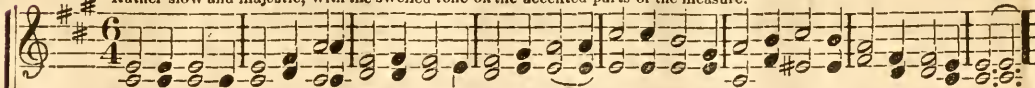
5 Then let us shun the deadly bane,  
Nor *touch*, nor *taste*, nor *give*, nor *sell*;  
For lo! the dead are in its train,—  
It opens wide the gates of hell.

273

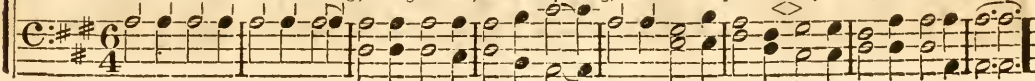
TEMPERANCE ARMY. 7s & 6s. *Accent on the first.*

(Air, Bruce's Address.) Newly Harmonized by H. W. DAY

Rather slow and majestic, with the swelled tone on the accented parts of the measure.



1. Friends of Freedom! swell the song; Young and old, the strain prolong, Make the Temperance army strong, And on to victory!



Lift your banners, let them wave, Onward march a world to save; Who would fill a drunkard's grave, And bear his in-fa-my.

2 Shrink not when the foe appears;  
Spurn the coward's guilty fears,  
Hear the shrieks, behold the tears,  
Of ruin'd families!  
Raise the cry in every spot,  
'Touch not—Taste not—handle not!'  
Who would be a drunken sot,  
The worst of miseries!

3 Give the aching bosom rest,  
Carry joy to every breast;  
Make the wretched drunkards blest,  
By living soberly.  
Raise the glorious watchword high—  
'Touch not—Taste not till you die?'—  
Let the echo reach the sky,  
And earth keep jubilee.

4 God of mercy! hear us plead,  
For thy help we intercede;  
See how many bosoms bleed.  
And heal them speedily.  
Hasten, Lord, the happy day,  
When, beneath thy gentle ray,  
TEMPERANCE all the world shall sway,  
And reign triumphantly.

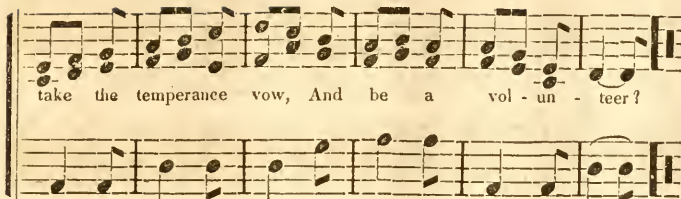
## 274 The Battery.

## WHO'LL BE A VOLUNTEER? 7s &amp; 6s. H. W. DAY.

For a Temperance occasion.

1. Chil - dren who have ral - lied now, Where Im - man - nuel's soldiers bow, Who will

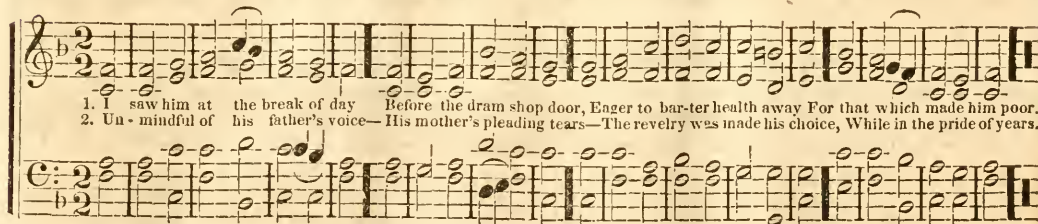
WHO'LL BE A VOLUNTEER. (CONTINUED.)



- 2 Children hear the battle cry,  
Sounding through the earth and sky,  
From the throne of God on high,  
Who'll be a volunteer?
- 3 See! the foe is gathering fast,  
Hark! he rages! loud his blast,  
Who will fight him to the last,  
And be a volunteer?
- 4 Lo! all o'er the tented field,  
God will be our sun and shield;  
Alcohol, the foe, shall yield,  
If all will volunteer.

275 The Drunkard.

WHIRLPOOL. C. M.



1. I saw him at the break of day Before the dram shop door, Eager to bar-ter health away For that which made him poor.  
2. Un-mindful of his father's voice—His mother's pleading tears—The revelry was made his choice, While in the pride of years.

3

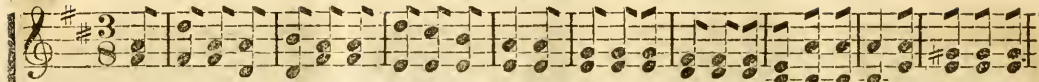
4

5

His faithful counsellors he'd shun—  
Their warnings all deride;  
To be Belial's chosen son  
Was all his care and pride.

And now disease has marked his frame,  
And soon will bring him low;  
With curses heaped upon his name,  
Down to the grave he'll go.

Ye who are full of hope, beware,  
Nor touch the sparkling bowl;  
Here satan lays his deadliest snare  
To lure each thoughtless soul.



1. A - way from the rev-el, the night star is up ; A - way, come a-way, there is strife in the cup ! There's shouting of  
 2. The foam of the gob-let is spark-ling and bright, And ri-sing like gems in the torches' red light, The glance of thine



song, there is wine in the bowl, But lis-ten and drink, they will madden thy soul, they will mad-den thy soul.  
 eye if it e'er lin-gers there, Will change its mild beam for the ma-ni-ac's glare, For the ma-ni-ac's glare.



- 3 The pearl-studded chalice, displaying in pride,  
 May challenge thy lip to the purple draught's tide ;  
 But pearls of the dew drop, the voice of the breeze,  
 Are dearer and calmer, more blessed than these.  
 Are more blessed than these.
- 4 Oh come, it is twilight, the night star is up ;  
 Its ray is more bright than the silver-brimmed cup ;  
 The boat gently dances, the snowy sail fills,  
 We'll glide o'er the waters, or rove on the hills.  
 Or we'll rove on the hills
- 5 We'll kneel on the mountain beneath the dark pine ;  
 Our hearts' prayer the incense, and nature the shrine,  
 And back on the festal we'll look from the wave,  
 Like eyes of the free on the chains of the slave.  
 On the chains of the slave.
- 6 Oh come, it is twilight, the moon is awake ;  
 The breath of the vesper chime rides o'er the lake,  
 There's peace all around us, and health in the breeze,  
 And what can be dearer, more blessed than these.  
 What more blessed than these

1. The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl, is not the drink for me. }  
It kills his bod-y and his soul; How sad a sight is } he! But there's a drink that God hath given, Dis-

till-ing in the showers of heaven, In measures large and free, O, that's the drink for me, O that's the drink for me.

2 The stream that many prize so high,  
Is not the stream for me;  
For he who drinks it, still is dry,  
Forever dry he'll be.  
But there's a stream, so cool and clear,  
The thirsty traveller lingers near,  
Refreshed and glad is he:  
O that's the drink for me.  
O that's, &c.

3 The wine cup that so many prize,  
Is not the cup for me;  
The aching head, the bloated face,  
In its sad train I see,  
But there's a cup of water pure,  
And he who drinks it, may be sure  
Of health and length of days;  
O that's the cup for me,  
O that's, &c.

# TUNES AND HYMNS

FOR

## SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARIES.

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**278**

**TEACHERS & CHILDREN.**

8s & 7s.

Day of gladness and praise to God.

FOR AN ANNIVERSARY.

*Sing in a lively style.*

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a treble clef, a sharp sign, and the time signature 2/4. The melody is written in a lively style with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a bass clef, a sharp sign, and the time signature 2/4. The accompaniment is written in a similar lively style. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

*Teachers.*    1 Come, ye children and adore him, Lord of all    he reigns a - bove; }  
                   Come and worship now before him, He hath call'd you by his love. } He will grant you ev - - 'ry    bles - sing  
                   Come, with humble hearts expressing All your gratitude and praise.

D. C.

Of his all a - bound - ing grace.

CHILDREN.  
 2 On this holy day of gladness  
 We will join in praises meet ;  
 Every bosom free from sadness,  
 All with happiness replete.  
 O to feel the love of Jesus!  
 O to know, that from above,  
 Still our Heavenly Father sees us  
 With an eye of tender love!

TEACHERS.  
 3 Dearest children, now adore Him :  
 Swell aloud the joyful strain ;  
 While the nations bow before him,  
 Echo back the notes again.  
 While he will accept the praises,  
 E'en from every heart and tongue,  
 Those to him a child upraises  
 Still are sweetest of the song.

CHILDREN.  
 4 Lord of all, our heart's oblation  
 Now ascends to thee alone ;  
 We would come, with gratulations,  
 Now to worship at thy throne.  
 Teachers ! will you join the chorus?  
 Join in hymning forth his praise,  
 Who, for our redemption shows us  
 All the riches of his grace?

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.  
 5 Praise to thee, O Lord, forever !  
 Gladly now we all unite ;  
 Praise to thee, O God ! the Giver,  
 Blessed Lord, of life and light !  
 Ransom'd christians ! spread the story !  
 Rescued people, ne'er give o'er !  
 All his grace, and all his glory,  
 O proclaim forevermore.

279

WITH JOY WE HAIL THIS DAY. 6s.

*For an anniversary occasion or excursion in the country.*

Two boys Duet. Two girls Duet. CHORUS.

1 With joy we hail this day, With joy we hail this day, When from our homes we rove, And

## WITH JOY WE HAIL THIS DAY.

(CONTINUED.)

Duet.

CHORUS.

spend it far away, In this delightful grove, Bright o'er our heads the sky; Beneath our feet this green; Whatever can please the eye,

what'er can please the eye, Round us here is seen.

- 2 All nature's silent voice in every bud and flower,  
Here bids our hearts rejoice and own a sovereign power.  
Above on airy wing, on every bush and tree,  
The feathered songsters sing in charming melody.
- 3 Like them now let us raise our tuneful voices here.  
And sound our Maker's praise, in accents loud and clear,  
On every breeze of air, may notes of praise ascend,  
And find acceptance there, where dwells our heavenly Friend
- 4 For O his guardian power protects our youthful days,  
And gives us every hour new themes for love and praise.  
For all that here can please, now be our praises given;  
But brighter scenes than these, await us all in heaven. A. D. T.

## 230

SOLO. *One boy.*

CHORUS.

## THE HOSANNAS.

H. W. DAY.

And the multitudes that  
went before and that  
followed, cried, saying,

Hosan-na to the son of Da-vid; that com-eth  
in the

Bles-sed is he  
name of the Lord; Hosan-na; Ho-san-na; Ho-



THE HOSANNAS. (CONTINUED.)

*Slow.*

FINIS.

Trio. *Two girls and one boy.*

san-na in the high-est, Ho-san-na, Ho - san - na. And when the chief priests and scribes } things that he did, and the children crying }  
 saw the won-der-ful } in the }

CHORUS.

temple, and say-ing, Ho - san - na to the son of Da - vid; they were sore dis-pleas-ed, and said unto him hearest thou

D. C.

what these say? And Jesus said unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise.

For a particular occasion—celebration or anniversary; to be sung by children and choir.

First verse by the Choir.

1. { Children, list - en to the sto-ry, Saints and angels joy to know,  
Je - sus left the realms of glo-ry, Free-ly came to earth below; Came to save us, O, what love did Je-sus show!

O, what love did Je - sus show!

*Children.*

- 2 Angel throngs from heaven descending,  
Did Messiah's praise proclaim;  
We with voices sweetly blending,  
Glory give to Jesus' name!  
Hallelujah!  
Heaven and earth may do the same.

*Choir.*

- 3 Children, lo, the gracious Savior,  
Here His lovely face displays;  
Smiles upon your good behavior,

Loves to hear your songs of praise;  
Loud hosannas;  
Meet it is for us to raise.

*Children.*

- 4 Favored with the smile of Jesus,  
We His worthy praise repeat,  
And our festals highly please us,  
Joyful we each other greet,  
Join in worship,  
Part in friendship as we meet.

*Choir and Children.*

- 5 Jesus, hail! triumphant Savior!  
Prince of Life, bestow thy grace;  
Purify our hearts like silver,  
Till thou there behold thy face;  
Keep and guide us,  
Give us all in heaven a place.

- 6 Then we'll sound thy lofty praises,  
And our harps celestial try;  
Strike the note the seraph raises,  
With angelic legions vie;  
Without ceasing,  
Glory give to God on high.

### 282 Looking to God.

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak—but thou art mighty;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand;  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
Lead me all my journey through.  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Bear me through the swelling current,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side,  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

*Allegretto.*

1. With joy we hail the Sabbath day, In mercy kingly giv'n, We leave awhile our cheerful play, And come within these

2 We love to meet our teachers here, We'll hasten to thy house of pray'r,  
And talk of sins forgiven; And find the joy of heaven.  
To feel the blessed Savior near,  
Who all our simple tho'ts will hear, 4 And then shall life's last feeble ray,  
And bear them up to heaven. Be calm as summer's even; [say  
courts to pray, And learn the path to heav'n.

3 Here, may we Lord, forever share, While angels hovering round, shall  
A peaceful quiet haven; "Ye weary wanderers, come away,  
Whene'er oppress'd by worldly care, And be at rest in heaven."

284 Sabbath School.

**MY TUNE.** Infant School. 7s. 6 lines.

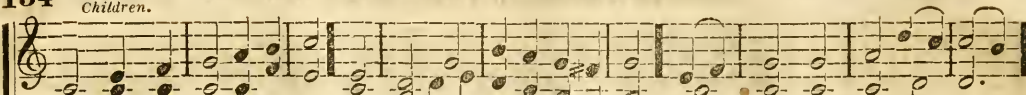
End.

D. C.

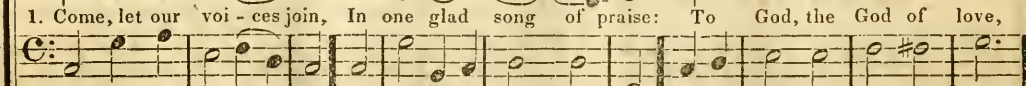
1. Children, 'tis the Sabbath day: We must neither work nor play, 'Tis the day which God has giv'n,  
Let us then his goodness praise, For these blessed Sabbath days. That we may prepare for heaven; 3

2 On this holy Sabbath day,  
Here we come to sing and pray;  
Here we learn God's holy word,  
And we hear of Christ our Lord;  
Let us then His goodness praise,  
For these precious Sabbath days.  
When we've done with all below;  
May we all to glory go;  
Join the songs of saints above,  
'Tell of Jesus' dying love.  
There forever sing His praise,  
Through eternal Sabbath days.

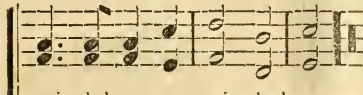
## TO GOD THE PRAISE BELONGS. Four 6s &amp; two 8s.



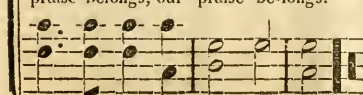
1. Come, let our voi - ces join, In one glad song of praise: To God, the God of love,




Our grateful hearts we raise: His love demands our earliest songs, To God alone our praise belongs. . . To God a-lone, our

praise belongs, our praise be-longs.


*Children.*

2 Now we are taught to read  
The book of life divine ;  
Where our Redeemer's love  
And brightest glories shine :  
*Choir and Congregation.*  
To God alone the praise is due,  
Who sends his word to us and you.

*Children.*

3 For blessings such as these,  
Our gratitude receive ;  
Lord, here accept our hearts,  
'Tis all that we can give ;  
*Choir and Congregation.*  
Great God, accept their infant songs,  
To thee alone their praise belongs.

*Children.*

4 Within these hallowed walls,  
Our wand'ring feet are brought ;  
Where pray'r and praise ascend,  
And heav'nly truths are taught ;  
*Choir and Congregation.*  
To God alone your offerings bring,  
Here in his church his praises sing.

*All.*

Lord, bid this work of love  
Be crown'd with meet success ;  
May thousands yet unborn,  
This institution bless ;  
Then shall the praise resound to thee,  
Now, and through all eternity.

AN ANNIVERSARY HYMN.—TUNE, *Malden*. page 65.

- 1 "When the Sabbath bells are ringing,  
To the chapel we repair;  
Where our voices join in singing,  
And our hearts unite in prayer;  
Then the Sabbath School is meeting,  
Happy girls and happy boys,  
Children are their teachers greeting,  
While their eyes reveal their joys.
- 2 When our classes all are seated,  
Then ascends the ardent prayer;  
Soon, our lessons are repeated,

- And for singing we prepare.  
Will our God accept such praises?  
Youthful anthems does He hear?  
Yes—the song the infant raises,  
There shall find a list'ning ear.
- 3 God hath made and doth protect us,  
Will He e'er forget to love?  
No—his mercy will direct us,  
To a home with Him above,—  
Where shall be no bitter weeping,  
Thoughts of grief be passed away,—

- Where, no soul in darkness sleeping,  
All shall hail eternal day.
- 4 Tell us not of joy in playing  
On the holy Sabbath day;  
We are all content with staying  
In this peaceful happy way.  
We will not be mischief makers,  
We will not deserve the rod;  
We will shun all Sabbath-breakers,  
And will serve the living God.

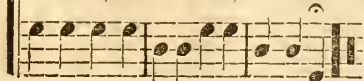
## 287 Infant dialogue about God and his works—between a child and his father. H. W. DAY.

*Not too fast.*

1. Father, who made that star so bright, That twinkles, twinkles every night? 'Twas God, my dear, who  
2. But here are hills and brooks and trees, Who, then, dear father, made all these? The running brooks and



sits on high, Who made that *star*, and *you* and *I*,  
trees so tall, Are all the *Lord's*, he made them all.



- 3  
C. Who made the birds, dear father, say!  
That hop and sing the livelong day?  
F. They all come forth at God's command!  
He feeds them by his bounteous hand.
- 4  
C. That God made these I've heard you tell!  
Who is this God? Where does he dwell?  
F. God is a Spirit;—dwells above;  
And *loves you* with a tender love.
- 5  
C. *Above* you say—what do you mean?  
Cannot this Spirit,—God *be seen*?

- F. No, child, not now, he's out of sight,  
His throne is where there is no night.
- 6  
C. But father can this God see here?  
And does he know, *now* where we are?  
F. Yes, dear, his *ear* hears what we say!  
His *eye* beholds us every day.
- 7  
C. Say, can I see that God above,  
"Who loves me with a tender love?"  
F. Yes if we're good; the promise given  
Says *we* shall dwell with him in heaven:  
There we shall see this *Mighty One*,  
And live *forever* near his throne.



# CELEBRATIONS ON THE FOURTH OF JULY,

AND SIMILAR PATRIOTIC OCCASIONS.

## 288 A Song of Freedom. **FREEDOM'S HURRAH.**

*For the Fourth of July.*

*The best effect will be produced, if sung by Men and Boys.*

H. W. DAY.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, rhythmic style. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words aligned under specific notes. The lyrics are: "1. Of ev' - ry land throughout the earth, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! } U -  
2. No land like that which gave us birth, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! }  
3. Co - lumbia's chief, brave Washing - ton—Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! } Then  
4. On thee the Star of glo - ry shone, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! }

# FREEDOM'S HURRAH. (CONTINUED.)

137

- ni-ted here a happy band, For freedom and our na - tive land, Hur-rah! Hur - rah! Hur-rah! Hur -  
 pierced the clouds that darkly hung, Thy country's hills and dales among—Hur-rah! Hur - rah! Hur-rah! Hur -

rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! . . . Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! . . .  
 rah! Hur - rah! &c.

*Increase the sound.*

3

4

5

Across the proud Atlantic wave—Hurrah! Bright freedom's star it rises still, Hurrah! It sheds its light o'er hill and dale, Hurrah!  
 Soon flew the story of the brave—Hurrah! A beacon from each western hill—Hurrah! And is reflected back again—Hurrah!  
 And gallant generous Lafayette, A light and glory to the world, And so shall be through every sphere,—  
 Resolved that star should never set, Hurrah! Our starry banner is unfurled—Hurrah! Till liberty to all is dear—Hurrah!

1. Cheer-i-ly, cheerily sound the strain, Happily, happily here again, In a joy-ful band, Who at home has dar'd to stay?

*flowing.* *cres.* *smooth.*

Who has loiter'd by the way? Who but rather sing than play? In this happy land.

- 2 Cheerily, cheerily sound the strain,  
Merrily, merrily ring again,  
In a joyful band;  
Freedom's banners now display,  
On this merry holiday;  
Hail Columbia! Here we'll stay  
In this happy land.
- 3 Cheerily, cheerily wake the sound—  
Merrily, merrily send it round—  
Raise your voices high;  
Freedom's song awakes the strain,  
Earth resounds with praise again—  
Jesus! what a glorious name,  
Calls us to the sky.

1. When Sabbath's hallow'd morn I greet,  
What makes its sacred hours so sweet? The hope that I this day shall meet My class.

- 2 When to the closet I repair,  
To tell my wants to Jesus there,  
What is the burden of my prayer?  
My class.
- 3 What calls my willing feet away,  
To spend an hour-at setting day,  
With fellow-teachers oft to pray?  
My class.
- 4 Whose wayward footsteps give me pain?  
O'er whom, still bound in Satan's chain,  
I've seem'd to weep and pray in vain?  
My class.



*Not too fast. m**Cres.*

1. New-England dear! New-England dear! How beautiful thy vales, Where summer flow'rs are breathing forth their sweets to summer

*Fine.*

gales; Where native songsters sweetly sing, In mead and dewy grove, Where the lone night-bird chanting tells, Her even lay of love!



2 Far quite beyond the surges wild  
That beat upon thy shore,  
Hath swept the pæan of thy fame,  
Old ocean's vastness o'er!  
And echoes far the triumph song  
Of that true-hearted band,  
Who gave their homes, their all, for God  
And thee, our father land!

3 It peals among the palaces,  
Of England's titled sons—  
O'er soft Italia's quivering wires  
Its magic music runs:  
From lofty peak and lowly vale,  
From islands of the sea,  
In joyous notes, comes bursting forth  
*f* That anthem of the free!

4 Majestic are thy mountain tops,  
Uptowering to the sky!  
Stern monuments of nature's hand,  
Which God hath piled on high!  
Forever may he guard thy peace,  
As now—the best, the free—  
Bright Eden-land of nation's hope!  
Proud home of Liberty!

5 How beautiful the silver streams  
That ripple o'er thy breast,  
In thousand forms meandering  
To seek their ocean rest.  
Thy daughters, like sweet flow'rs of spring,  
Bloom 'neath thy fostering care,  
Through coming time, as now to be  
Thy treasures, rich and rare!

6 Thy sons! what clime that knoweth not,  
The noble and the brave!  
The tammers of the stubborn earth—  
The rovers of the wave.  
Aye, dearly do they love the land  
Their fathers died to gain;  
Their pride, its glory fresh to keep,  
Its honor bright from stain!  
7 New-England dear! New-England dear!  
God's blessing on thee be:  
And ever on those cherished ones  
Fond memory links with thee!  
From this fair land, whose spreading skies  
Like thine, a glory wear,  
My spirit turns, to breathe for thee  
A blessing and a prayer!

## FREEDOM SOUNDETH. A GLEE.

For an anniversary occasion. Arranged for boy's or men's voices, by H. W. DAY.

*First Treble.* 3 3 *Finis. 3*

1. Where the song of freedom soundeth, Merri - ly oh, mer-ri - ly oh ! Mer-ri - ly ev-'ry bosom boundeth,  
Ev'ry joy the land sur - roundeth, Merri - ly oh, mer-ri - ly oh !

*Second Treble.* 3 3 *Finis. 3*

2. When the dove of peace it fl - eth, Weari - ly oh, wea-ri - ly oh ! Wea-ri - ly ev-'ry bosom sigh-eth,  
Ev'ry flower of life then di - eth, Weari - ly oh, wea-ri - ly oh !

*First Tenor. Played an octave below.* 3 3 *Finis. 3*

3. Like your native fountains sal - ly, Cheeri - ly oh, cheeri - ly oh ! Cheeri - ly then from hill and val - ley,  
Round the flag of freedom ral - ly, Cheeri - ly oh, cheeri - ly oh !

*Second Tenor. Played an octave below.* 3 3 *Finis. 3*

*Remaining verses to Nursery Song.*

2 Sleep, baby, sleep, no longer weep ;  
Israel's Shepherd watches o'er thee,  
No rude danger lies before thee—  
Sleep, baby, sleep, &c.

3 Sleep, baby, sleep, no longer weep  
Germ of beauty, bud and blossom,  
Rest upon thy Savior's bosom,  
Sleep, baby, sleep, &c.

4 Sleep, baby, sleep, no longer weep ;  
Life has many a raging billow—  
Rest upon thy downy pillow,  
Sleep, baby, sleep, &c.

FREEDOM SOUNDETH. (CONTINUED.)

Mer-ri-ly oh, mer-ri-ly oh! There the gathering smiles of peace are beaming, Where the star-ry flag is gai-ly stream-  
 Wea-ri-ly oh, weari-ly oh! There no song the boon of freedom's greeting, Childhood's healthful smile is fast-ly fleet-  
 Cheer-ly oh, cheer-ly oh! While the children shout their loud ho-san-na, While they wave the nation's star-ry banner,

3 3 *p* *D. C.*  
 3 3 *D. C.*  
 3 3 *D. C.*  
 3 3 *D. C.*

293

*Soft and Mother-like.*

NURSERY SONG.\*

*Finis.*

H. W. DAY.

D. C.

1. Sleep, baby sleep no longer weep; Near thee sits thy lit - tle brother, close be-side thee is thy moth - er.  
 Sleep, baby sleep no longer weep. \* See remaining verses on page 140.

1. I love my country's pine clad hills, Her thousand bright and gushing rills, Her sunshine and her storms, Her rough and rugged rocks that rear

2 I love her rivers, deep and wide,  
Those brighter streams that seaward glide,  
To seek the ocean's breast;  
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,  
Her shady dells, her pleasant dales  
The haunts of peaceful rest.

3 I love the forest dark and lone,  
For there the wild bird's merry tone  
Is heard from morn till night;  
And there are lovelier flowers I ween,  
Than e'er in eastern lands were seen,  
In varied souls as bright.

4 Her forests and her valleys fair,  
Her flowers that scent the morning air,  
Have all their charms for me,  
But more I love my country's name,  
Those words that echo deathless fame,  
"The land of Liberty."

295 Cold water forever.  
O! could I speak the matchless worth,  
O! could I sound the virtues forth,  
Which in cold water dwell,  
I'd touch on some celestial string,  
And vie with sea nymphs while they  
So cheerly and so well.

2 I'd sing the strife and blood it saves,  
The thousands rescued from the graves  
Of drunkenness and wo.  
I'd sing each health—imparting power,  
As free it pearls thro' silvan bower,  
With cool and rippling flow.

3 I'd sing each good by it produced,  
And all the forms in which 'tis used,  
To please and bless mankind.  
In lofty songs of sweetest praise,  
I would through all my future days  
Oft bring its gifts to mind.

4 Well—the best day will surely come,  
When men no more will deal in rum  
By license, or by stealth.  
Then, water cool, and free as air  
Will bless the drinkers, every where,  
With happiness and health.

*For Christmas or Anniversary occasions.*

1. When our fathers, long a - go, Fled from perse - cution's flame, O'er the dark tempestuous sea, Little chil - dren with them came.

Little children knelt and pray'd With their sires on freedom's shore, Rais'd the grateful notes of joy Loud - er than the o - cean's roar.

2

3

4

Bursting on night's darkest hour,  
Children hear the savage yell,  
And the loud and fearful cry  
Of their parents as they fell.  
Children sang in later times,  
Liberty's inspiring lay ;  
Glowing hearts in concert hailed  
Each returning festal day.

But a nobler sweeter song  
We, this day, have met to sing ;  
Praise to Him in Bethlehem born,  
Him, our Savior and our King.  
He has conquered ! Lo ! he comes,  
Leading captive death and sin !  
Open, open wide your gates !  
Let the King of glory in !

Jesus ! Jesus ! yes, 'tis he !  
Evermore the children's friend ;  
We have one request for thee ;  
Teachers, faithful teachers, send ;  
Send them through this guilty world,  
To make glad th'abodes of sin.  
Open, open, wide your gates !  
Let the King of glory in.

# 144 Tunes and Hymns for particular occasions.

297 Ministers sent out.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. From the AM. HARP.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,  
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;  
Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
And calm the savage breast to peace.  
3 And when our labors all are o'er,  
Then we shall meet to part no more;  
Meet—with the blood-bought throng to fall,  
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all.  
4 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him, all creatures, here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

298 The promised reign of Christ.

1 Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun  
Does his successive journies run:  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
2 Behold the islands with their kings,  
And Europe her best tribute brings;  
From north to south the princes meet,  
To pay their homage at his feet.  
3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;

And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.  
4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.  
5 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

299 Zion awake!

1 Zion, awake!—thy strength renew,  
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;  
Church of our God, arise and shine,  
Bright with the beams of truth divine!  
2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,  
Wide as the heathen nations are;  
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view:  
All shall admire and love thee too.

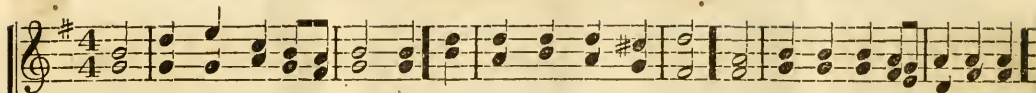
1. In this dark world of sin and pain, We on - ly meet to part again ; But when we reach the heav'nly shore, We then shall meet to

part no more ; The hope that we shall see that day, Should chase our present griefs away. When these few years of pain are past, We'll

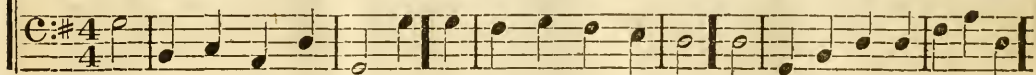
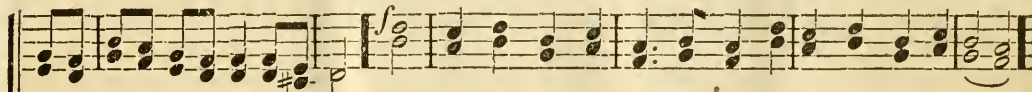
meet around the throne at last.

2 Then let us here improve the hours,  
 Improve them to our Savior's praise ;  
 To him with zeal devote our powers,  
 And run with joy thro' wisdom's ways.  
 Let all our meetings here be made  
 Subservient to each other's good ;  
 For worldly joys must quickly fade,  
 Nor can they yield substantial good.

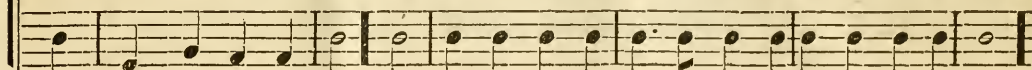
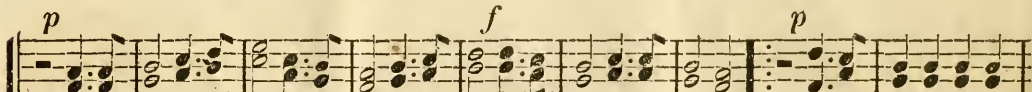
3 And when we're parted far away,  
 From those whose names are ever dear,  
 We'll call to mind the joyful day,  
 When Christ the Savior will appear ;  
 When all his saints shall meet again,  
 To part no more through endless days,  
 But in his blissful sight remain,  
 And sing his everlasting praise.



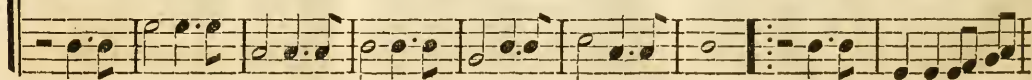
1. Hark ! how the rain is fall - ing, And loud-ly roars the blast, What torrents pour, shut to the door,

And close the shutters fast ; On such a rough and bit - ter night, How pleasant 'tis to know,

We have here nought to fear, We have here nought to fear, We have here nought to fear, When the stormy winds do





THE STORMY WINDS. (CONTINUED.)

*m* *f* *ff*

blow, When the stormy winds do blow, . When the stormy winds do blow, . when the stormy winds do blow.

302 HYMN.—By Rev. S. F. SMITH.

Oh pity the poor sailor, And all who cross the seas ; What fears are theirs, What toils and cares, While here we sit at ease ; May they in safety reach their port, Nor wreck nor danger know, And on shore, Fear no more, When the stormy winds do blow.	1 Hark ! how divinest music Floats o'er the heavenly plains ; The choral song Wakes every tongue To high, celestial strains. Hosannas swell in joyous tone On all the holy air, While the bright Sons of light <i>Strike their noblest anthems there.</i>	2 Now infant choirs are lisping Among that glorious throng ; Their children raise The voice of praise, There babes the notes prolong, 'Twas such the blessed Savior lov'd And clasped them to his breast ; Oh may we Holy be, And enjoy that holy rest.
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303 The duties of Sabbath school Scholars. **EARLY THERE. L. M.** H. W. DAY.

*Lively.*

1. The morn - ing sky is bright and clear ; A - way to Sabbath school ; } 'Tis there we learn his  
    Let each one in the class ap - pear ; A - way to Sabbath school ; }

## EARLY THERE. L. M. (CONTINUED.)

ho-ly word, And find the road that leads to God. A - way, a - way, a way, a-way, a-way A - way to Sabbath school.

2  
In season let us all be there;  
Away to Sabbath school;

That we may join the opening pray'r;  
Away to Sabbath school; [heav'n,

There we can raise our hearts to  
And praise the Lord for blessings  
given.

Away, away, away, away,  
Away to Sabbath school.

3  
Let us remember, while at prayer,  
When at the Sabbath school, [care,  
Our Teachers' kindness, and their  
Towards our Sabbath school.

We'll be submissive, good, and kind,  
And every rule and order mind,  
When we're at school, at Sabbath  
school,

When we're at Sabbath school.

4  
When each at night shall go to pray'r  
We'll ask our God above  
T'extend o'er Teachers his kind care,  
And crown them with his love.

And when on earth our time is sped,  
And we are numbered with the  
dead,

If faithful, we shall meet above,  
We all shall meet above

## 304

## THE CAPTIVE'S LAMENT.

Words by a member of the Mass. F. E. Society. Music by H. W. DAY.

Quartetto. *Affettuoso. mf* *cres.* *dim.*

I. My country, my country, how long I for thee, . . . O'er the mountain, o'er the mountain, far o-ver the

# THE CAPTIVE'S LAMENT. (CONTINUED.)

149

*dim.*

*FINE. Duet. Smooth and flowing.*

sea, . . . o'er the mountain, o'er the mountain, far o-ver the sea, Where the sweet Jo-li-ba kiss-es the

*Instrumental.*

shore, Say shall I wander by thee nev-er more? Where the sweet Joli-ba kiss-es the shore, Say, shall I wander by

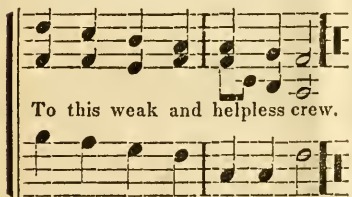
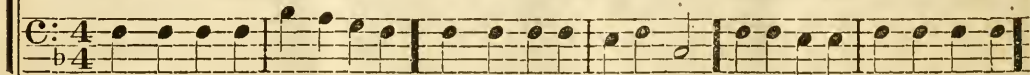
thee never - more, . . . by thee nev-er - more.

**D. C.**

- 2 Say, O fond Zurima, where dost thou stay?  
Say, doth another list to thy sweet lay?  
Say, doth the orange still bloom near our cot?  
Zurima, Zurima, am I forgot?—am I forgot?  
My country, &c.
- 3 Under the baobab oft have I slept,  
Fanned by sweet breezes that over me swept;  
Often in dreams do my weary limbs lay,  
'Neath the same baobab, far, far away, far, far away, &c.
- 4 O for the breath of our own waving palm,  
Here as I languish my spirit to calm;—  
O for a draught from our own cooling lake,  
Brought by sweet mother my spirit to wake &c.

*Sing with expression.*

1. While we're on the waves careering, Wilt thou not thy pit-y show? Lord we pray thee give a hearing



To this weak and helpless crew.

2 Thou must save us or we perish—  
For the storm is raging high;  
Thou who dost for sinners cherish  
Kind compassion—be thou nigh.

3 Ocean graves yearn wide before us—  
Every moment seems our last;  
Place thy wing of mercy o'er us,  
Till the storm be over past.

4 God of heaven! hear our crying—  
Hear, we pray, and send relief;  
To the voices of the dying,  
Be not, gracious Savior, deaf.

5 Save us, and in warm devotion  
Sailors' praises shall ascend;  
On the land, or on the ocean,  
We will bless our heavenly Friend.

6 Thanks, O God, the raging billows  
Sweep upon the deck no more;  
We can safely, on our pillows  
Rest our heads; the storm is o'er.

**306 Prayer for Sailors in distress.**  
*By the Editor.*

1 Pity Lord, the hardy sailor,  
Toss'd upon the ocean's wave;  
He, a soul to save or perish  
Has—O Lord, the sailor save.

2 'Mid the storm and raging tempest,  
Be his God and friend so near;  
When before thee lowly bending,—  
Hear, O Lord, the sailor hear.

3 Give relief in that dark hour,  
When before him yawns his grave;  
Grant him pardon and forgiveness,—  
Save, O Lord, the sailor save.

4 To his friends again restore him,  
"From the dead, alive again,—"  
Rescued sailor! may he praise thee,  
For thy mercy on the main.

**307 Prayer for Sailors in distant lands.**  
*By the Editor.*

1 Sailors cross the mighty ocean,—  
Visit climes to us unseen:—  
They to heathen lands, are christians'  
But alas! for all their sin.

2 Thank the Lord for all the Bethels,  
On the ocean floating round,  
Where poor sailors find the Savior  
In some harbor homeward bound.

3 Now in humble adoration,  
Holy Lord, we come to thee,  
Spread, O spread thy great Salvation,  
Bid the moral darkness flee.

4 May the sailors be converted,—  
May their prayers ascend to thee,—  
May they magnify the Savior,—  
May they christians truly be

A FEW EASY

**SENTENCES and ANTHEMS,**  
**FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS.**

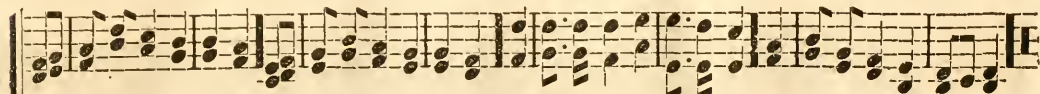
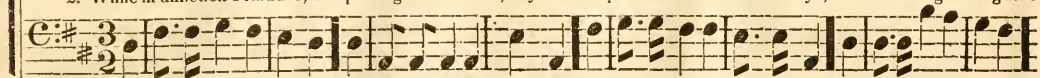
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308 Sentence.

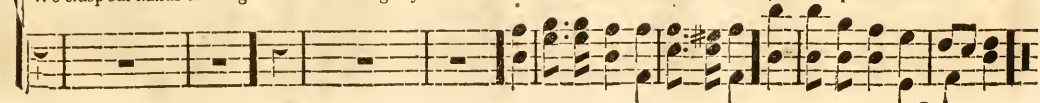
**HEAD OF THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.**



1. Head of the church triumphant, We joyfully adore thee ; 'Till thou appear, thy members here Shall sing like those in glory :
2. While in affliction's furnace, And passing thro' the fire, Thy love we praise which knows no days, And ever brings us higher :



We lift our hearts and voices With blest an-tic-i-pa-tion, And cry aloud and give to God The praise of our sal-va-tion.  
We clasp our hands exulting In thine al-migh-ty fa-vor: The love divine which made us thine, Can keep us thine for-ev-er.



Honor thy Father, thy Fa-ther and Mother, thy Fa-ther, thy Fa-ther and Mother, thy Father and

*Duet.* *Chorus.*

Mother, thy Father and Mo-ther, Honor, Honor, Honor thy Father and Mother, That thy

*Duet.* *Chorus.*

days may be long, that thy days may be long, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy

God giv-eth thee, God giv-eth thee, giv-eth thee, which the Lord thy God giv-eth thee.

310 Eccl. 12 : 1. **REMEMBER THY CREATOR.** [ANTHEM.]

Re - member thy Cre - a - tor in the days of thy youth, While the evil days they come not and the years they draw

nigh, when the e - vil days they come not, and the years they draw nigh, When thou shalt say, thou shalt say I have no pleasure in

*Slow.*

them, I have no pleasure in them, I have no pleasure in them, no pleasure in them.

## 311 Birth of Christ. CHRISTMAS ODE.

H. W. DAY.

*Spirited.*

1. Hark! Hark! with harps of gold, What Anthem do they sing: The radiant clouds have back-ward rolled, And  
2. 'Glo-ry to God!' repeat The glad earth and the sea; And ev'ry wind and bil-low fleet Bears



# CHRISTMAS ODE. (CONTINUED.)

*cres.* *mf* *Flowing.*

An - gels smite the string, 'Glo - ry to God!'—Bright wings spread glist'ning and afar, And on the hal - lowed  
on the Ju - bi - lee. Where Hebrew Bard hath sung, Or Hebrew Seer hath trod, Each ho - ly spot has

*Animated.*

rap - ture rings, From cir - cling star to star.  
found a tongue: 'Let Glo - ry be to God'

3 Soft swells the music now  
Along the singing Choir,  
And ev'ry Seraph bends his brow  
And breathes above his lyre.  
What words of heavenly birth,  
Thrill deep our hearts again,  
And fall like dew-drops to the earth?  
'Peace and good will to men!'

4 Soft!—yet the soul is bound  
With rapture, like a chain:  
Earth, vocal, whispers them around,  
And heav'n repeats the strain.  
Sound, Harps and hail the Morn  
With ev'ry golden string;—  
For unto us this day is born  
A Savior and a King.

## 312 Infant School.

## THOSE I LOVE.

1. I love my mother's cheerful voice, I love her pleasant smile, I love to sit down by her side, And talk to her the while.  
2. I love, when she is tired and worn, To ease her of her task, Do all the lit - tle things I can, Nor wait for her to ask.

156 313 Anthem for Thanksgiving. **O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD.**

*Spirito. CHORUS. mf* *DUETT. Cres. Dim.*

1. Give thanks, give thanks unto the Lord; give thanks, give thanks unto the Lord, For he is good, is good.

*CHORUS. Cres. Dim. Duett. m* *TREBLE SOLO.*

For he is good, is good. For his mercy en-dur-eth, endureth for-ev-er, For his mercy en-dur-eth forever, His mercy en-  
*DUETT TENOR AND BASS. m*

*Tastefully. Cres. Dim. DUETT. m* *Forte.*

dur-eth, en-dur-eth for-ev-er; his mer-cy en-dur-eth, en-dur-eth for-ev-er, his mer-cy en-dur-eth, en-dur-eth for-ev-er.

*mf*

*> Forte. >*

*Cres.*

*Forte.*

157

Give thanks, give thanks unto the Lord; give thanks, give thanks un - to the Lord, A - men, A - men, A -

men, A - men, A - men.

314

**BOY AND LARK.**

1 Who taught you to sing, My sweet pret-ty bird? Who

tuned up your beauti-ful throats; You make all the woods and vallyes to ring, You bring the first news of the

ear - li - est spring, With your long sounding silver-y notes.

2 Who painted your wings, my sweet pretty bird?

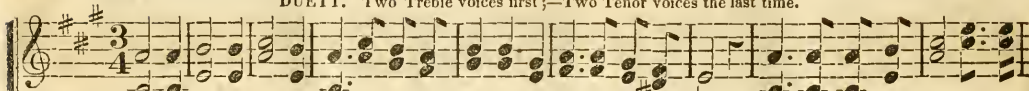
Who taught you to soar in the air?

You rise and you dart thro' regions of light,

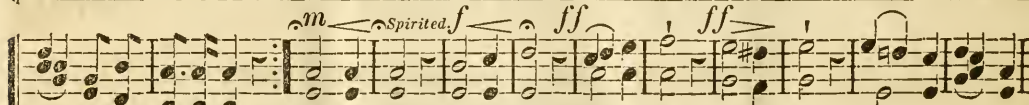
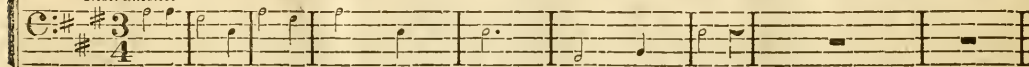
You look down on men from your loftiest height,

And your hearts know no troublesome care.

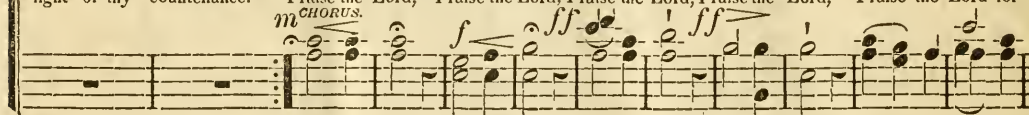
DUETT. Two Treble voices first;—Two Tenor voices the last time.



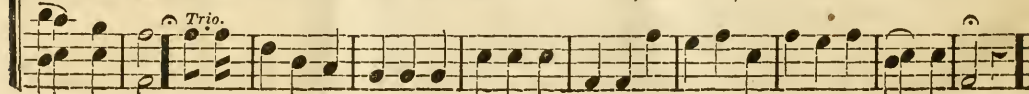
1 Blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed is the people that know the joyful sound, They shall walk O Lord in the  
Instrument.



light of thy countenance. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord for -



ev - er - more. For his mer-ci-ful kindness en - dur-eth for - ev - er; for ev - er, for - ev - er and ev - er - more.



**BLESSED IS THE PEOPLE. (CONTINUED.)**

*m* <sup>CHORUS.</sup> *f* *ff* *f* *m*

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord for-ev - er more, A-men! A - - - men! A - men!

**316** Christ our Hope. **ROCK OF AGES.** 7s. H. W. DAY.

1. { Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the water and the blood,  
 { Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

From thy wounded side that flow'd,

- 2 Could my tears forever flow,  
 Could my zeal no languor know,  
 These for sin could not atone;  
 Thou must save, and thou alone:  
 In my hand no price I bring,  
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When my eyes shall close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,

And behold thee on thy throne,  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee.

**317 Doxology.**  
 To the Father and the Son,  
 And the Spirit, three in one,  
 Be the praise and glory given,  
 Here on earth, by all in heaven,  
 Now and evermore proclaim  
 Glory to our God: Amen.

**SINGING CHANTS.** Take the pitch the same as for a common tune in all the parts; then sing (recite) together. Let some one sing, first, a strain alone, pronouncing the words distinctly. Then let all the others sing in the same manner, about as fast as in common reading. The marks in the following chants, indicate the words to be sung to the different measures in the music.

**318 CHANT. O Lord, our Lord. No 1.**

1. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in | all the | earth!

Who hast set thy | glory a- | bove the | heavens.

2. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou | ordained strength, be- | cause of thine | enemies;

That thou mightest still the | enemy | and the a- | venger.

3. When I consider thy heavens, the | work of thy | fingers;

The moon and the | stars, which | thou hast or | dained:

4. What is man, that thou art | mindful of | him?

And the son of | man, that thou | visitest | him?

5. For thou hast made him a little | lower than the | angels,  
And hast | crowed him with | glory and | honor.

6. Thou madest him to have dominion over the | works of thy |  
Thou hast put | all things | under his | feet: [hands:]

7. All sheep and oxen, yea, and the | beasts of the | field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever |  
passeth through the | paths of the | seas.

8 O | Lord, our | Lord,

How excellent is thy | name in | all the | earth.

**319 CHANT. O Sing unto the Lord. No 2.**

H. W. DAY.

1. O sing unto the Lord a new song;—for he hath done | mar-  
velous | things:

His right hand, and his holy arm hath | gotten him the | victo-ry

2. The Lord hath made known | his sal- | vation;

His righteousness hath he openly | showed in the | sight of  
the | heathen.

3. He hath remembered his mercy and truth towards the | house  
of | Israel:

All the ends of the earth have | seen the sal- | vation of |  
God.



**322 SINGLE CHANT. No 5.**

Out of the depths.

L. MASON.

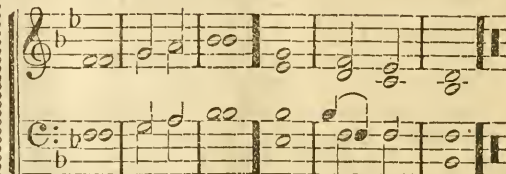
**Psalm 130.**

1. Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.
2. { Lord, hear my voice ;  
Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of . . my suppl | ca-  
tions.
3. { If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities,  
O Lord; | who shall | stand.
4. { But there is forgiveness with thee,  
That | thou— | mayest . . be | feared.
5. { I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait,  
And in his | word . . do I | hope.
6. { My soul waiteth for the Lord,  
More than they that watch for the morning,  
I say, | more than . . they that | watch . . for the | morning.
7. { Let Israel hope in the Lord :  
For with the Lord there is mercy,  
And with him is | plenteous . . re | demption.
8. And he shall redeem Israel from | all— | his in- | iquities.

**323 SINGLE CHANT. No 6. (PECULIAR.)**

I will lift up mine eyes.

L. MASON.

**Psalm 121.**

1. { I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,  
From whence | cometh . . my | help.
2. { My help cometh from the Lord,  
Which made | heaven . . and | earth.
3. { He will not suffer thy foot to be moved :  
He that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
4. { Behold, he that keepeth Israel,  
Shall not | slumber . . nor | sleep.
5. { The Lord is thy keeper ;  
The Lord is thy shade upon thy | right— | hand.
6. { The sun shall not smite thee by day,  
Nor the | moon by | night.
7. { The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil :  
He shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
8. { The Lord shall preserve thy going out,  
From this time forth, and even forevermore. | A— | men.



**SINGLE CHANT. No. 7. L. MASON.**  
O Lord, Our Lord.

A - men.

**PSALM 8.**

1. { O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth ;  
    { Who hast set thy glory a - bove the heavens.
  2. { Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings  
    { Hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies ;  
    { That thou mightest still the ene .. my | and .. the a - venger.
  3. { When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers ;  
    { The moon and the stars, which | thou .. hast or - dained.
  4. { What is man, that thou art mindful of him ?  
    { And the son of | man .. that thou | visit .. est | him.
  5. { For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,  
    { Thou hast crowned him with | glo .. ry and | honor.
  6. { Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands ;  
    { Thou hast put | all things | under .. his | feet.
  7. { All sheep and oxen, yea, and beasts of the field ;  
    { The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,  
    { And whatsoever passeth through the | paths .. of the | sea.
- O Lord, Our Lord, how excellent is thy | name in | all the | earth.

**SINGLE CHANT. No. 8. L. MASON.**  
The Lord is my Shepherd. (PECULIAR.)

A men.

**PSALM 23.**

1. { The Lord is my shepherd ;  
    { I | shall not | want.
2. { He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ;  
    { He leadeth me beside the still | wa - — | ters.
3. { He restoreth my soul ; he leadeth me  
    { In the paths of righteousness for his | name's — | sake.
4. { Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
    { I will fear no evil ; for thou art with me ;  
    { Thy rod and thy staff they | p comfort | me.
5. { Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine ene -  
    mies,  
    { Thou anointest my head with oil ; my | cup .. runneth | over.  
    Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my
6. { life ;  
    { And I will dwell in the house of the Lord, for - | ev - — | er.  
    A - | men.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT,

WITH A FEW

SONGS AND ROUNDS.

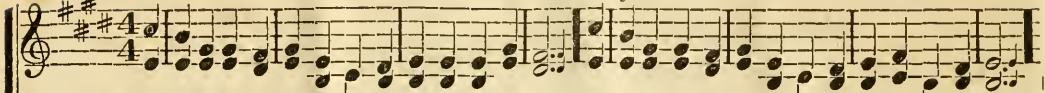
SONG OF JOHN HAWKINS AND HIS COMRADES, BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

326

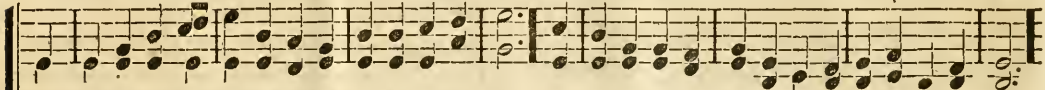
**A TEMPERANCE GLEE.** An old Melody harmonized by H. W. DAY

*Choir.*

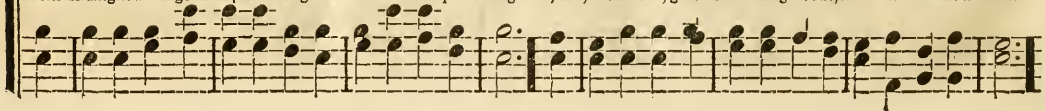
*Not too fast.*



1. Hurrah! hurrah! we've burst the chain; O God! how long it bound us! We run! we leap! O God! again Thy light, thy air around us,



From midnight's dungeon-depths brought out We hail hope's rising star; Ho, comrades, give the stirring shout, Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!



Choir and congregation.



2 The world has kissed the tyrant's throne,  
The beast, the Man of Sin!  
' Legion ! Apollyon ! better known  
As Brandy, Beer, or Gin !  
Roused up at Reason's clarion cry,  
We go to holy war,  
To slay the dragon or to die.  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

3 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! there's joy within,  
Where all before was wo,  
And sunk is passion's dreadful din,  
And crushed for aye, the foe.  
*Yet one charge more* in glorious strife,  
Stout hearts to end the war ;  
' Tis done—our spoils ! the babe ! the wife !  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! &c.

4 Debased by drink, we'd lost the sign,  
Of manhood, God imprest,  
The open face, the look divine—  
To show what He had blest,  
Behold ! erect ! with honest brow,  
Restored to Nature's law— [now—7  
We're men ! we're men ! Heaven knows us  
Hurrah ! &c.

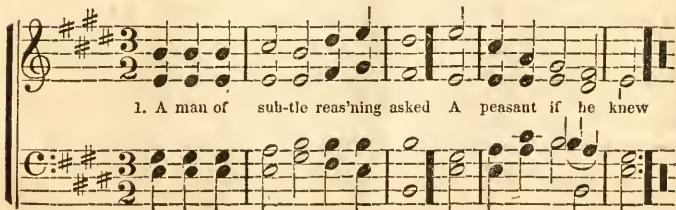
5 Of ten men cleansed, did one return,  
To bless the healing hour ?  
All of our rescued thousands burn  
To praise redeeming power,

Come, bless God now, for what He's done  
For us, so reads the law—  
We'll do for others, and the curse Root out  
Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

6 Tom Moore may drug the golden cup,  
With costly pearls, that shine  
Bright as his face, and drink them up  
Dissolved in rosy wine,  
In undiluted streams we dip  
Our crystal glasses—nor  
Refuse the pledge will Woman's lip—  
Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

Hurrah, hurrah, we've burst the chain ;  
O God, how long it bound us,  
We run, we leap, O God, again  
Thy light, thy air surround us ; [out,  
From midnight's dungeon-depths brought  
We hail hope's rising star ;  
Ho, comrades, give the stirring shout,  
Hurrah, &c.

327 The Peasant and Infidel. THE BIBLE.



1. A man of sub-tle reas'ning asked A peasant if he knew

2  
Where was th' internal evidence  
That prov'd the Bible true ?

5  
The terms of disputative art,  
Had never reached his ear ;

4  
He laid his hand upon his heart,  
And only answered—HERE.

1. My days of youth tho' not from fol-ly free, I prize the truth the more the world I see; I'll keep the straight and

narrow path and lead where'er it may, The voice of truth I'll follow and obey.

2 My footsteps, lead, O truth, and mould my will,  
In word and deed my duty to fulfil: [belong,  
Dishonest arts, and selfish aims to truth can ne'er  
No deed of mine shall be a deed of wrong.

3 The strength of youth, we see it soon decay,  
But strong is truth, and stronger every day:  
Tho' falsehood seem a mighty pow'r which we in  
vain assail,  
The power of truth will in the end prevail.

4 The friends of youth, oh! let them always be  
The friends of truth, and therefore, dear to me:  
Let others love duplicity, and on them fortune  
smile, [guile.  
But truth for me, and the heart that's free from

**329 Morning Beauties. AWAKE, FROM SLUMBER SPRING.** 7s & 6s. L. MASON.

1. Awake, from slumber spring, Give morn a welcome strain; While merry larks are singing, By mountain, grove and

plain, While softest airs are stealing The fragrant meadows o'er And nobler mu-sic peal-ing from ocean's dis - tant roar.

2 The sky is brightly beaming  
 With smiles of heavenly love;  
 The sun's glad light is streaming  
 From all around, above;  
 Then wake—awake from slumbers,  
 Harmonious voices raise;  
 And let your grateful numbers  
 Sound forth a Father's praise.

**330 Doxology at sea. 7s.** By the Editor.  
 [TUNE, Ocean Waves, page 150.]

1 Father of the mighty ocean!  
 God of billows!—Christ divine!—  
 Holy Spirit!—Mighty Maker!—  
 Let thy beams of mercy shine.  
 2 While adoring, we behold thee  
 In the air, the sea and skies,  
 May our hearts in pure devotion  
 Rise, a holy sacrifice.

**331**

**A ROUND.**

First Voice. Second Voice. Third Voice.

A word, a word, a word fit - ly spok-en is like ap-ples of gold, is like ap-ples of gold, of gold, in pic-tures, pic-tures, pic-tures, pic-tures of sil-ver.

1. We wish for the light of the morn to break, And color the eas-tern sky, With its blend-ed hues of

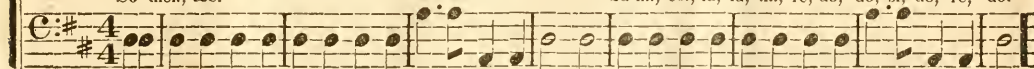
blue and lake, Then say to each other, Awake! Awake! Our winter's honey we must make, Our bread for a long supply,

2  
Then off, we will hie to the hill and We seek the fine bloom of the eglan-As each, on the good of her sisters  
dell, The thistle and painted briar, [tine, Is busy and cares for all, [bent

To pretty fields, meads and bowers; Then along we trace the wandering Let us hope for rest with hearts  
In the wood and grove we love to vine, content,  
dwell, Nor leave we it creeping the earth And then when the winter comes,  
To dip in the lily with snow white bell, supine, not lament,  
To search the balm in snow white cell Nor if it winds the lofty pine, The summer gone, the hours mis  
The mint and the rosemary flowers. To reach a state still higher. spent,  
The harvest then past recall.



1. I re-mem-ber, I re-mem-ber how my days are fleeting by, Then I will go to singing school, and learn to sing, I'll try,  
So then un-to the singing school I'll always try to go, And sing do, si, la, la, sol, fa, mi, mi, re, mi, re, do.  
So then, &c. 2d mi, sol, fa, fa, mi, re, do, do, si, do, re, do.



2. O what delightful songs we sing, When we together meet, When youthful voices swell in strains of harmony so sweet.

D. C.



'Tis there I learn the downward, hither, thither, upward beat; And there I sing the upward scale and downward scale complete.



O 'tis a pleasant thing to sing those songs from day to day, Nor from this cheerful happy place would I desire to stay.

END OF THE MUSIC.

Here ends the toil of many days, Devoted to our Maker's praise;  
If good the Sabbath School obtains, We have the pay for all our pains.

here and in the Sabbath School, keep still and remember that God sees you, and expects that as you sing his praises, you will think about him, and give him your hearts."

All being supplied with books, he will name the tune and hymn, and proceed, alone, to sing one strain after another, letting them all repeat and imitate until the tune is learned; being careful that they all get it as nearly right, as possible.

If he is a teacher, he will know what to do in the case of poor voices;—if not, and there are any who do not catch the tune, place them beside some good voices, and tell them to imitate, and not sing too loud. If this will not do, they may be excused from meeting. There will not be more than one case in twenty-five, of the extra kind, requiring the last resort. If any do not behave, let them be dismissed.

In the Sabbath School, let the tunes be sung at the proper time for singing, and be led by the same individual.

Those who feel themselves competent to give any elementary instruction, will do well to make the attempt. With the "Vocal School," or the "Boston Academy's Manual" in hand, there need be no failure. Otherwise let the whole be done by rote or imitation, without any instruction, except as to behavior, tones of the voice, and pronouncing of the words, all of which can be done by any common singer, with the greatest ease, and much good be the result.

**MEETING ON THE SABBATH TO LEARN TO SING.** When it is inconsistent to hold a meeting on some other day of the week, as above proposed, let the preliminary steps be the same, and the meeting be on the Sabbath, when it will be, of course inconsistent to teach the elements, and nothing but singing will be practiced. Let it be for a half hour at one time, or for fifteen minutes at different times, before, or after meeting, in the morning, in the afternoon, or evening, as may be thought best.

**GENERAL ATTENDANCE.** Now there can be no excuse for any. Let the school as a whole, if possible, all assemble and unite heart and voice, and the friends of Sabbath Schools, may depend upon it, the effect will be most delightful. This appears clear, from the simple fact, that the old and young mingle together, and mutually exert a happy influence on each other, which is ten fold more direct, than in other Sabbath School exercises. And also from the fact, that all the voices may be expressed, and harmoniously blended without confusion.

### Singing and other exercises in Sabbath School.

**WHEN THERE ARE TWO SESSIONS OF THE SCHOOL**, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, open and close the school with singing, i. e.—sing—read the Scriptures,—pray, &c.,—and close by singing a hymn.

In the afternoon, open by singing or prayer, and occupy at least, ten or fifteen minutes in singing different tunes and hymns, or intersperse other exercises with singing. Considerable interest is excited in some schools, by letting the children commit to memory short suitable pieces and hymns, and recite them to the school.

*Where there is only one School*, during the day, it will be found expedient to meet at an earlier or later hour for practice. Every Sabbath School in the land should learn Old Hundred, Duke Street, Dundee, and a few others of the "Old Tunes," and as many new ones as is consistent.

**INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC.** In a room where they have a small organ or piano, either may be used to advantage, many of the Schools in the city have a piano.

When they have neither, a common base viol or Violoncello will be of essential aid, if played with the singing. And if there is no prejudice against it, a violin will greatly help in keeping up the pitch. A Flute or Clarinet will help some, though not so good as stringed instruments. For more particulars about instruments for Choirs &c. See "Vocal School," p. 178.

**ON CHANTING.** Chanting has ever been the manner of performing Sacred Music, until within a few centuries. It is the most simple and devotional style of singing the praises of Jehovah. In the Reformation, the Protestants, anxious to throw off every vestige of Popery, and inclining to a theatrical style of music, i. e. more lively and tasteful performance, discarded the chant. But the practice of Chanting is now slowly coming into use, in many of the Christian Churches in New England. By the Episcopalians it has been retained in its proper place. See a few more remarks on page 160: also several pages devoted to the subject in the "Vocal School" page 233.

### Claims of Music.

There is not an individual in the community, who is not indebted to music scientifically or practically considered.

**MINISTERS AND PROFESSORS.** None more than ministers, in promoting the great interests of religion. Deacons and church men



bers owe much of their happiness to the praises of the Sanctuary, and perhaps, their conversion to God, to the singing of one of the songs of Zion.

**FAMILIES.** In these days multitudes of families are made far more happy by the singing of the children. It has almost come to be a proverb, that "A singing family is always a happy family."

**THE LOVERS OF POETRY.** If there are those who are not moved by harmonious strains, they are few in number who do not take pleasure in poetic effusions, and such, as we have before shown, may trace their obligations to music as a science. Music like all other branches of useful learning, cannot grow without culture. And if we have correctly presented its claims there are but a few if any, who are not obliged to promote and aid the cause of music, more than they are any other branch of education.

**MONEY PROFITABLY SPENT.** A few dollars spent to teach children to sing, produces, under a good teacher, immediate effects. The knowledge derived, will always be useful to them,—like a never failing spring near at hand. At home and abroad, on the land and on the sea, alone or joining with a multitude, in prosperity with the rich or with Paul and Silas in jail. Music consoles, comforts, rejoices, animates and happiness the mind, and is the medium which brings the soul nearest to God. So much cannot be said of any other science, perhaps, not of all put together.

**CONCLUSION.** Who then will disclaim an interest in its promotion, or fail to see that it is his duty to aid by his influence and contribute of his funds, if need be, in its general cultivation?

#### Acknowledgements.

**L. MASON.** To the kindness of Mr. L. Mason, we are much indebted for a free use of his music. Some very popular and useful tunes of his composition, will be found in this volume.

**HASTINGS AND IVES.** From the compositions of Messrs. Hastings and Ives, a few very pretty tunes have been selected. And if this acknowledgement shall be to them a sufficient return, we shall be much obliged.

**AN ENGLISH WORK.** Perhaps some of the most interesting and valuable materials, have been obtained from English composers.

**MUSICAL VISITOR.** From this useful periodical, a selection has been made of tunes, which have proved to be decidedly popular. To Ministers, and all Christians, to Superintendents and all Teachers of Sabbath, Common and Music Schools, and particularly to Choristers and all members of Choirs, this periodical is earnestly recom-

mended; also to all persons who wish to acquaint themselves with musical matters and things, practically and religiously considered. Terms:—75 cts. per annum, to clubs of ten or more, and \$1,—to single subscribers. It has lately been doubled in size and generally improved in variety and matter.

**NEW MUSIC.** A considerable amount of New Music has been obtained and prepared, expressly for this book, and generally of such kinds of Metres, and of Rhythmic structure as cannot be found elsewhere.

#### Music Books in Sabbath School Libraries.

There are many Sabbath Schools, where they purchase several dozen of Singing Books of a proper kind, and put them in the library, and keep them for general use. We recommend the adoption of the same plan generally. This book would be amply sufficient to last a school five years.

**MUSIC BOOKS IN CLASSES.** It will be the duty of Teachers to see that their classes are generally supplied. Let poor children who are unable to pay the full price, be provided for at half price. A teacher who spends a dollar in this way, it is believed, will not have cause to regret it.

#### Music, a part of Education.

A few brief extracts from an address of the Mayor of the city of Boston, before about 3,000 children, from the Public Schools, assembled at the Odeon, August, 1841.

It is a duty which I am happy to perform, to express my belief that you have appreciated the advantages, which have been afforded by the city authorities. Music as an accomplishment, is one of the most interesting; but regarded as a part of your education in which you have made so much proficiency, the efforts made to introduce it into these schools, all feel, should be counted as nothing, in comparison with the good already done.

As a matter of encouragement, I will assure you that it would be extremely gratifying, if the exhibition could be again repeated this afternoon. The performances have been in the highest degree satisfactory, and have made impressions not easily to be effaced. You all enjoy the instructions of the best of teachers in the public schools, and when it was proposed to introduce music as a branch of education, many doubted the expediency of the measure, and feared the result on the public exhibitions. It was however set before us

as valuable in itself, and as a beautiful accomplishment, which induced us to permit the experiment, which has this afternoon afforded such a complete demonstration of the utility of the thing. Although unable to join with you, as one who practises the art as well as you do, for I am forced to say that I know nothing of the art practically, I have nevertheless experienced much pleasure in listening to such an exhibition, as I have witnessed this afternoon. It however must be borne in mind, by you all, that it is a subject which must be continued, and attended to with all the diligence which its importance demands. And so long as you have the privilege of attending the public schools, you will remember to attend to it as a delightful accomplishment. Not only in this point of view, should its introduction into the public schools be regarded as most desirable, but its important aid in cheerfully and successfully pursuing other studies, its happy influence on your habits and characters, and its usefulness as a profitable, pleasing, and healthy exercise, renders it of the *utmost* value in a public education. It has been pursued, perhaps by some of you as a sort of recreation, as such, its influence on the body and mind renders it most desirable; far better even than any mere recreation, since it combines utility with pleasure. It is also calculated to produce a good effect on the manners and morals.



✂ *Every attempt to introduce Music into Common and Sabbath Schools, so far as our knowledge extends, has been attended with the most happy results.* Ed.

#### A few Rules for Singers in the Choir.

**ARRANGEMENT OF THE CHOIR.** Let the female voices be confined to the Treble and Alto, and the male voices to the Tenor and Base.

No gentleman should ever sing the same part with the ladies, unless it be occasionally in loud chorus, or unison passages. Some men with very smooth, high voices, may sing the Alto, but none have sufficient compass to sing the Soprano, and the effect of male voices on this part, an octave below the pitch, is always bad.

**SEATS IN THE CHOIR.** Let each member take his proper seat in the choir, and especially, never desire a higher seat, than has been assigned him.

The propriety of the assignment of seats by the conductor, must be evident to every one. It becomes necessary that he should know the compass and quality of voice, of every member of the choir; and assign to each a seat, where, he may think the individual will best promote the interests of the whole. Nor will any one, possessed of christian feeling, be opposed to such an arrangement, provided the leader is competent to perform his duties.

Of course, there is no excuse for an individual who would unjustly take or claim another's seat.

**BEFORE SERVICE.** 1. Do not wait about the doors or passages or vestry, for purposes of conversation; but be sure and be in your place before the service begins.

2. Let there be perfect silence and attention, and every one should hold himself in readiness for succeeding exercises.

3. Before singing, the choir should all rise, and always endeavor to rise together.

4. Let there be no whistling over the tune before it is sung, or humming it while the organ gives it out.

5. Make as little noise as possible in getting out the books, and turning over the leaves to find the place.

It sometimes seems as though the turning over of leaves was designed to represent the falling of rain, or the raging of the wind during a tempest—while occasional claps of thunder are supplied by the falling of books on the floor, and all through mere carelessness or inattention. The books should be taken out, used, and laid in their places without noise.

6. Do not make a disturbance in heming, or clearing out your throat before singing, or between the stanzas.

**SELF ESTEEM.** 1. Do not think more highly of yourself than you ought to think, but let each esteem others better than himself.

2. Do not desire to exhibit your voice or display your taste so as to draw attention to yourself; except it be by a modest and constant performance of all your duties.

3. Neither suppose that you are a better singer, or that you have a more excellent voice than any one else.

# The following Pages

EMBRACE

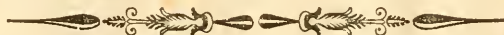
A General, A Metrical, and A First Line

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BY WHICH,

A particular Hymn or Tune

In any Metre, may easily be found.



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